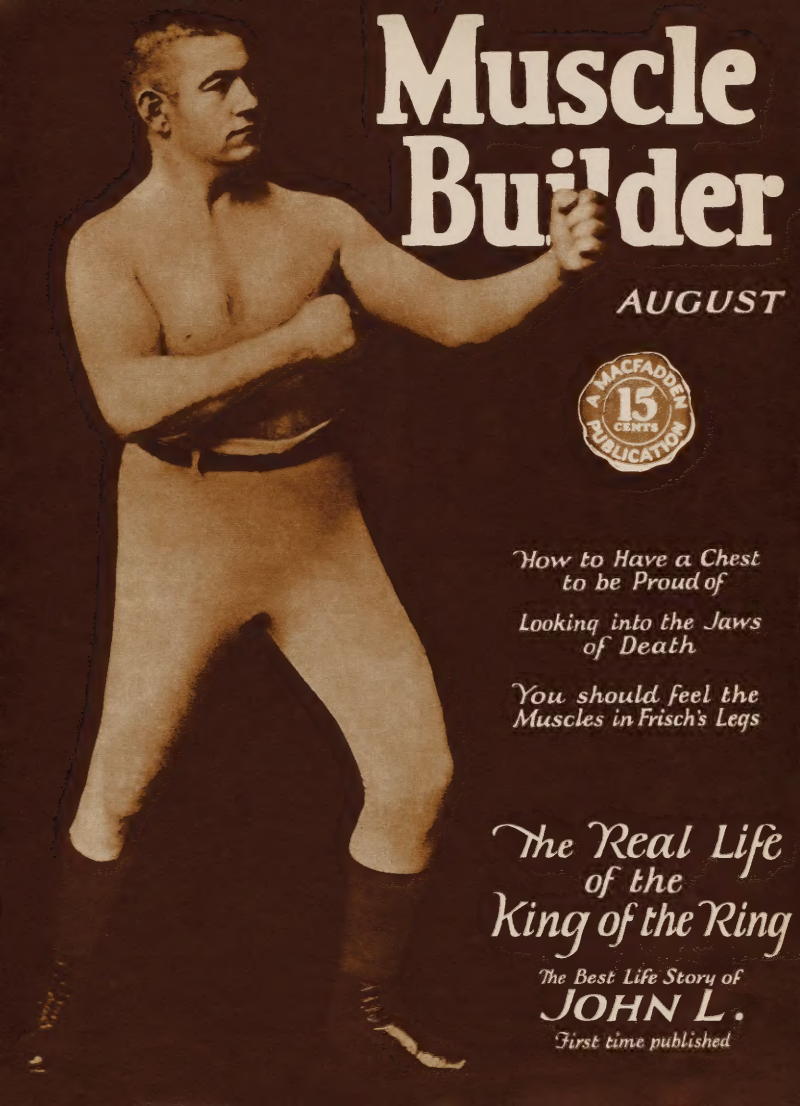

Muscle Builder
AUGUST
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION
15 CENTS
How to Have a Chest to be Proud of
Looking into the Jaws of Death
You should feel the Muscles in Frisch's Legs
The Real Life of the King of the Ring
The Best Life Story of
JOHN L.
First time published

# SANDOW

## *The Most Famous Strong Man the World Ever Produced — Says:-*

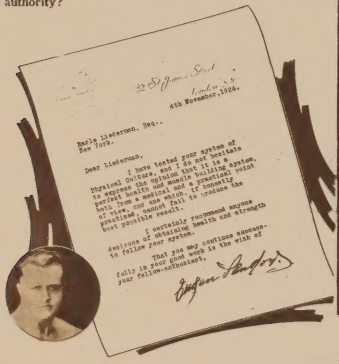
*"YOUR (Liederman) Physical Culture System is a perfect health and muscle building system."*

Ask the average person, "Who is Eugen Sandow?" and the reply will be, "The strongest man in the world." Sandow did accomplish some most amazing feats of strength when he last toured America, but he is far more than a strong man. He is known the world over as one of the greatest instructors in Physical Education. Not only has he been recognized as an authority on this subject, but he has been officially pronounced the finest physical specimen of manhood that the world has ever known.

It is now 25 years since Sandow toured America, performing unbelievable feats of strength and lecturing on the development of man's physical powers. Since that time he has been personal advisor to a number of Presidents of our own country, the President of Switzerland and twelve of the crowned heads of Europe.

Mr. Liederman has always been a great admirer of Eugen Sandow and knew of the great work Sandow was doing in Europe. In the spring of 1924 Mr. Liederman and Sandow met to discuss this great subject of Physical Education. Sandow asked that he receive the Liederman course of instruction so that he might test it, as he had already done with other courses.

Read letter herewith and see what Sandow now says of the Liederman system. When such a man, who is physical advisor to kings, will say what he does of the Liederman health and muscle building system, the final word has been spoken. Can there be any higher authority?



32 Stiffmore Street
London
4th November 1924.

Earle Liederman, Esq.,
New York.

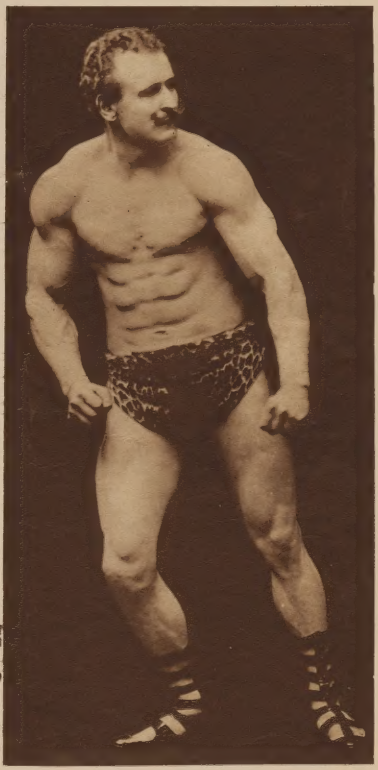
Dear Liederman,

Physical Culture, and I say it is a perfect health and muscle building system, because the one muscle practically builds the other and it is impossible to develop one without developing the other, cannot fail to receive the best possible results.

I certainly recommend anyone desirous of obtaining health and strength to follow your system.

That you may continue success-fully in your good work is the wish of your fellow-colonist.

Eugen Sandow



**EUGEN SANDOW**
**Instructor to H. M. the King**

# MUSHY MUSCLES

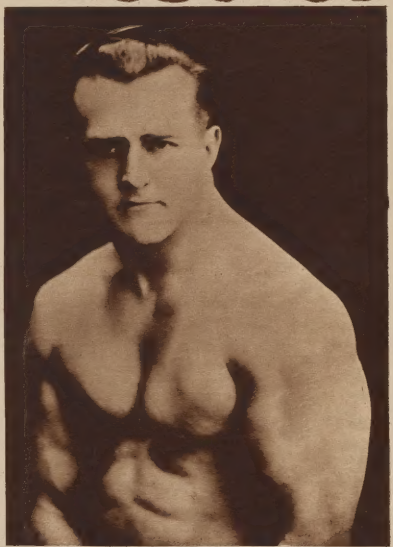
WHEN you looked in the mirror this morning, did an imitation of a real man stare you in the face? Chest hollow as a bent mud-guard? Shoulders stooped like a tired old hack horse? Arms like ropes with knots on the end? Neck scrawny as an old crow's? Legs thin as pipe-stems? Muscles soft and flabby? How can you expect to amount to anything if your body is like something the cat dragged in? Mushy muscles——

## They Are My Meat

as thousands upon thousands of my pupils will tell you. I take them as they come, weak and flabby. Then I start working! I make your muscles hard as steel. I make your chest big and deep. I give you legs and arms that fill your clothes. Your friends won't know you. I fill you with pep and ambition. When you wake up in the morning, you spring out of bed full of fire and pep. "Bring on your wild cats," is the way you feel. You are ready for a full day's work. You just thrill with vitality.

## I Am the Muscle Builder

That's what they call me. Why? Because I take the mush out of muscles! When you think of muscle, think of me! I build strong bodies. Just any kind of exercise won't do. A lot of other fellows thought they could do it themselves. They soon found they were wrong. This is my job. I've studied it. I've watched my pupils develop. I know it's good. In fact, I don't promise results. I guarantee them! In thirty days I will put one full inch of muscle on your arm. I will put two inches on your chest at the same time. But that's just a starter to show what I can do. I'll put muscle up and down your back. I'll build a wall of armor around your bread-basket that will stop a battering ram! I'll strengthen every muscle in and around your vital organs! I'll make a he-man, up-and-at-'em-fellow out of you! Sounds good, eh? You're darn right it's good. It's wonderful! Remember, I guarantee it. Come on. Let's get going right now. Don't lose a minute.

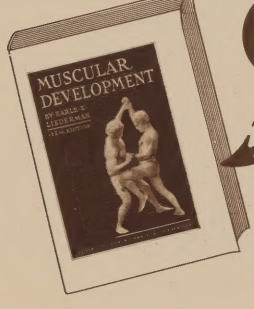


EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, The Muscle Builder
Author of "Secrets of Strength," "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Here's Health," etc.

*Send for My New 64-Page Book*

## "Muscular Development" IT IS FREE

It contains forty-five full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. This will not cost you one penny. **I want you to have it with my compliments.** It is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future happiness and health, do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

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305 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: Please send me absolutely FREE, and without any obligation on my part whatsoever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

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(Please write or print plainly)

# Exercises That Are Play

## You'll Enjoy These Exercises And They Will Develop Your Muscles To An Amazing Degree

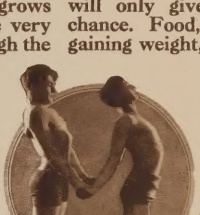
Wouldn't you like to know a system of exercises that would develop your muscles remarkably and yet be so well planned and designed that they were actually fun to go through? Naturally you would. Most exercising grows tedious and dull at times. The very routine of it drags. Going through the same motions day after day is apt to make a person stale.

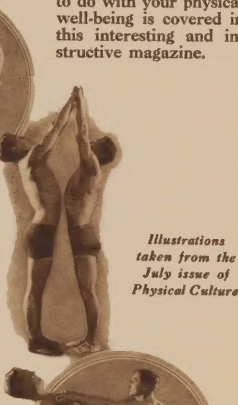
But here's a new system. A set of especially designed exercises that will develop and bring out every muscle in your body, and at the same time give you some real fun. Exercises that are more play than work. Exercises that will leave you exhilarated both in mind and body when you have finished.

On page 43 of the July issue of Physical Culture magazine you will find this system of exercising fully explained in an interesting article — profusely illustrated with many photographs especially posed. Don't miss it, for it will mean much to you if you will only practice the system as outlined therein.

### A Complete Guide to Health and Strength

Every month Physical Culture is packed from the front to the back cover with splendid inspiring health articles. This great magazine is a successful physical trainer with nearly thirty years experience in developing strong, healthy bodies for thousands of people, and it will do the same thing for you if you will only give Physical Culture a chance. Food, exercise, reducing and gaining weight, sleep, bathing, care of the different parts of the body, everything that has to do with your physical well-being is covered in this interesting and instructive magazine.





*Illustrations taken from the July issue of Physical Culture*

### *Special Offer*

For a limited time we are making a special offer to Muscle Builder readers of a five months' subscription to Physical Culture for only one dollar. Clip the coupon at the bottom of this page, send to us with a dollar bill, and we will enter your name to receive Physical Culture every month for the next five months.

# Physical Culture

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I am enclosing $1.00. Please enter my name for a five months' subscription to Physical Culture beginning with the current issue, this in accordance with your special introductory offer.

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LIONEL STRONGFORT
Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

# Look at That Freak?

YOU'VE heard it at the bathing beaches, when some skinny, bandy-legged freak comes out of the bath-house or a mountain of quivering fat waddles its way down to the water. Bathing suits show up a man's imperfections mercilessly.

Don't be a laughing stock when YOU go down for a dip. Fill out that skinny frame of yours—or rid yourself of your lumbering fat, whichever the case may be. Don't masquerade as a MAN. **BE ONE.**

## Make Yourself Admired Instead of Ridiculed

It's easy to do, when you go about it the right way. Except for those born with imperfect or misshapen bodies, ANY man can have a fine physique. No drastic gymnastic course necessary; no expensive apparatus; no starvation diet. You can make yourself a red-blooded, husky MAN simply by Living Life in accordance with Nature's Laws. That's all there is to it. That's what enabled me to build myself up into the strongest man in the world. That's the principle on which I have freed thousands of weak, ailing men and women from vitality-depleting ailments, into magnificent specimens of humanity. It isn't sufficient merely to build up big biceps and other external muscles, the action of all the great vital organs depends upon internal muscular development.

There's no secret about my methods; no mysterious hocuspocus. I have given them to the world, in

# STRONGFORTISM

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Strongfortism can be used by any man or woman of any age or condition, for it is based on the tremendous upbuilding and revitalizing forces in the human organism. Let it tell you how to wake up these dormant forces in your own body; how to rid yourself by their means of constipation, indigestion, rheumatism and other ailments; how to strengthen your vital organs, build up your internal and external muscles—and how to enjoy Life to the utmost while doing it.

If you are weak, ailing, skinny or obese—if you can't do your work or eat three square meals a day without distress——

## Send for My FREE Book

**Do it NOW!** Don't put your faith in patent medicines or druggists' dope any longer. **Face the facts.** Face them for the sake of those who are dependent on you. Strongfortism can make you fine and fit. What it has done for others, it can and will do for YOU; if you will follow my simple directions for a few months I GUARANTEE IT.

Take the first step by filling in the coupon below and getting a copy of my free book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** Enclose 10c (one dime) to help pay packing and postage, and I will mail you with the book a free letter of personal advice.

**LIONEL STRONGFORT**

***Physical and Health Specialist Over 25 Years***

**Department 1823. Founded 1895 Newark, New Jersey**

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**ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL**

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 1823, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book **"PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY."** for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| .. Colds | .. Increased Height | .. Weak Eyes |
| .. Catarrh | .. Pimples | .. Gastritis |
| .. Asthma | .. Blackheads | .. Heart Weakness |
| .. Hay Fever | .. Insomnia | .. Poor Circulation |
| .. Obesity | .. Short Wind | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Headache | .. Flat Feet | .. Despondency |
| .. Thinness | .. Stomach Disorders | .. Round Shoulders |
| .. Rupture | .. Constipation | .. Lung Troubles |
| .. Lumbago | .. Biliousness | .. Stoop Shoulders |
| .. Neuritis | .. Torpid Liver | .. Muscular Development |
| .. Neuralgia | .. Indigestion | .. Great Strength |
| .. Flat Chest | .. Nervousness | |
| .. Deformity (Describe) | .. Poor Memory | |
| | .. Rheumatism | |

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

August
Vol. III

# Muscle Builder

1925
No. 6

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*Cover Design from a photograph of John L. Sullivan in his prime.*

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# Developing Powerful Manhood

MANHOOD! In its broadest sense, the term betokens the possession of mental and physical characteristics of the highest sort.

It was the qualities characteristic of real manhood which brought to the races of the temperate clime (by whom the world is ruled) their great power. And who shall deny that the faculty, possessed by these races, of faring forth to strange lands and of conquering difficulties, and of there bringing into the world great families, sturdy sons and daughters, was the result of the physical qualities which came to them as the effect of clean and wholesome living.

Real manhood is a wonderfully precious possession. And even the most irksome or prolonged regimen can well be borne if it reaps the richest rewards of manhood—in its fullest sense, for this means not only the physical development of the body to its highest pitch, and the possession of a clear, active mind, and of steel-like, vibrant nerves, but of all other qualities which go to make up the useful citizen, the father and the head of the household—in a word, the real man.

The greatest impress, perhaps, that the physical culture movement has made on modern life has been the utter rout to which it has put the opponents of exercise as a means toward health. Not so many years ago, the opponents of athletics and exercise were abroad in the land to the same extent as are the opponents of freedom in other matters today. With their blatant nonsense about "shortening life," "overtaxing the heart," "developing the physical at the expense of mental faculties," these old fogies strove for years to sweep back the sea of human progress with the brooms of their prejudice.

Their day is gone. No longer is it deemed a symptom of brutal tendencies for a man to engage in wholesome sport. No longer is it contended by even the most phlegmatic mountain of flesh that his avoirdupois is something to be proud of, that his "health" is the result of his inactivity.

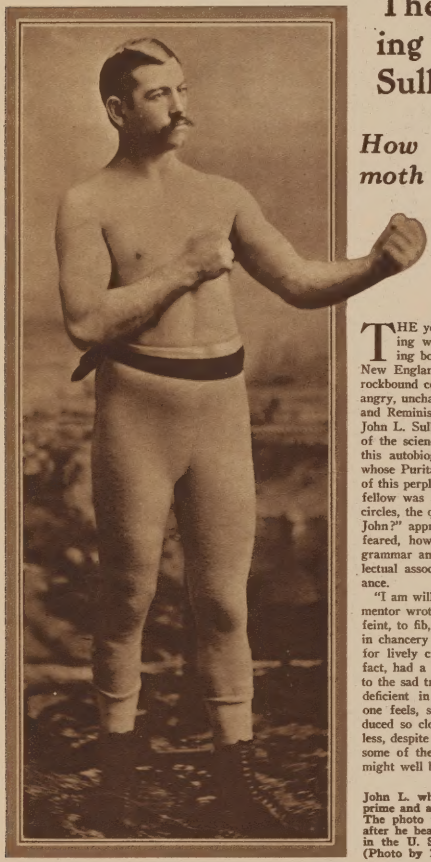
Every day, teachers, business men and those in high places realize more and more that a sluggish body is the abode of a sluggish mind—that no man ever developed his physique at the expense of his mentality.

The results which we have attained in our battle against this once-prevalent evil are very gratifying, and lead us to hope for like success in the conflict we are waging against equally powerful abuses.

Our muscle-building methods have produced the manhood of which America can well be proud.

Bernarr Macfadden

# The *Real Life* of the KING *of the* RING



John L. when in his prime and at his best. The photo was taken after he beat Mitchell in the U. S. in 1883. (Photo by *The Ring*.)

## The Most Interesting Story of John L. Sullivan Ever Told

### *How That Battling Behemoth Fought His Way to The Championship with His Bare Fists*

*By* R. F. Dibble

THE year 1892 marked a notable event in the publishing world. A Boston firm, grown weary of printing books that chanted the monotonous glories of the New England School, boldly departed from the stern and rockbound coasts of that tradition and ventured forth upon angry, uncharted seas by publishing a volume entitled "Life and Reminiscences of a Nineteenth Century Gladiator: By John L. Sullivan," dedicated to "the patrons and exponents of the science and art of boxing." Yet it was hoped that this autobiography might appeal to many worthy persons whose Puritan ideals had managed to survive the buffetings of this perplexingly modern world; accordingly, since Longfellow was still all the rage among safe and sane literary circles, the quotation "Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John?" appropriately adorned the titled page. It is to be feared, however, from the book's general correctness of grammar and variety of diction, that some of John's intellectual associates must have given him considerable assistance.

"I am willing for once to drop my guard," so John or his mentor wrote in the opening pages, "ceasing to lead off, to feint, to fib, to duck or ward, allowing my head to be held in chancery between the covers of a book, and yet looking for lively cross-counter dealings." The autobiography, in fact, had a very heavy sale; but every page bears witness to the sad truth that its co-authors were unfortunately very deficient in those methods of scholarly research which, one feels, should have characterized a literary work produced so close to the classic elms of Harvard. Nevertheless, despite this lamentable deficiency, the book has at least some of the elementary virtues of research, and indeed it might well be introduced into university seminar courses as a means of testing the judicial capacities of candidates for the higher degrees in education. Even at its worst, it contains some facts concerning its author which would otherwise be unknown.

John Lawrence Sullivan was born in Boston on October 15, 1858, in a house that stood close to Boston College. He always firmly believed, therefore, that his earthly debut had been thrice blessed; and, though he frequently addled his brains over the matter, he could never quite determine whether he was most fortunate in his name, his native city, or his natal appearance in the environs of an educational institution. On the whole, however, he believed that the name of Sullivan was his chief distinction; he never ceased to laud the innumerable Bostonians, and in truth all Americans, who were so fortunate as to bear his own name. "There's enough of us Sullivans to repel an army, and we're always ready," he once boasted. "There's enough of us to fill any job you can name. Do you want brawn? Look at the Sullivan in Boston who's six feet, eight and one-half inches tall, working as a longshoreman for a dollar and a half a day. Do you want brain? Look at another Sullivan in Boston five feet, five inches short, working as president of a railway at a salary of $25,000. There's Sullivans of all grades in between these two chaps. If we form a society called the United Sullivans, we can control everything in the land. We're certainly the balance of power. I'll make a side bet that, when the society is pulled off, the whole country'll set up and take notice. As for the Sullivan women, they're the prettiest and wittiest, and they raise the biggest families too."

Both of his parents were Irish. His paternal grandfather had been the champion shillalah fighter of Ireland, and his own father, Michael Sullivan, who early emigrated to America, staunchly sustained the family tradition by becoming the champion hodcarrier of Boston. Even after John had become champion of champions, Mike still entertained grave doubts concerning his son's ability.

"You think you're a strong man, don't you?" Mike would sneer. "Well, dad, I'm champion of the world," John would proudly reply. "Champion of the world!" Mike would snort. "There's men in old Ireland that could break you in two with one slap of their hand."

Mike measured only five feet, three inches and weighed only about one hundred and thirty pounds; but John's mother stood five feet, nine inches in her stockings and tipped the beam at one hundred and eighty pounds. Doctor Dudley A. Sargent, who once gave John an exhaustive physical examination, soon discovered that the champion owed his magnificent frame to his heritage from his mother; and the doctor closed his lengthy discussion of John's fine points with this well-deserved tribute:

"All men, though the product of two beings, are born of women, but that a woman, usually considered the weaker vessel physically, should be so able to impress her progeny with the strong points of her own physique as to enable him to meet all comers in tests of strength, skill and endurance for a term of a dozen years is, to my mind, the most valuable lesson of this man's life. If the women of the land can learn from this man's physical development how potent the influence of the mother is in fashioning and transmitting not only the refined and delicate parts of her organism but also the brawn and sinew

**William Muldoon, one of New York's boxing commissioners, who gave John L. his first real start. Back in 1877, Muldoon, then an expert wrestler, was running a variety show, which included boxing, in Boston. One evening Muldoon's friend, Billy Madden, said, "There is a likely looking chap who has been hanging around the stage door night after night trying to see you. Says he is getting only $12.00 a week as a tinsmith, but is sure if he gets a chance that he can be champion of the world." "Fetch him in," said Muldoon.**

ONE evening in 1877, a Boston theatre was a scene of a decidedly uncommon episode. First, one Scannell, a pugilist of local fame, strode across the stage and glared contemptuously at his opponent—a massive, stocky, swarthy young Hercules, unknown to any one in the theatre. Then, suddenly, the contemptuous glare faded from Scannell's face, his jaw sagged in dismay, and he turned and fled abruptly to the nearest saloon, to drown the memory of his discomfiture in a most inglorious spree. Meanwhile the chagrined manager was delivering a stuttering apology to the audience, which natually began to hiss. At once the unknown man stalked to the footlights, scowled ferociously around at the onlookers, and bellowed in a throaty bass voice, "My name's John L. Sullivan, and I can lick any son of a ——— alive! If any of 'em here doubts it, come on!" One of them, who was foolhish enough to doubt it, did come on—over the footlights—but one colossal blow from Sullivan returned him to the audience.

---

It is barely possible that at high noon, on February 2, 1918, some of the most renowned heroes of antiquity were gathered together in a congenial nook, located—one cannot be too sure in such matters—perhaps in Elysium, in Paradise, in Valhalla, in Hades, or even maybe in Purgatory, to brag once more about the valiant deeds they had performed in the flesh in the brave days of old. Goliath, Polyphemus, Siegfried, Hercules, Beowulf, Fafnir,—these numbered but a few of the vast throng of mighty giants on hand.

The talk, at first friendly, waxed more and more boisterous and raucous; vainglorious boasting and sarcastic gabbling steadily increased; louder and louder grew the rumbling threats and accusations; it seemed that a terrible and titanic combat was inevitable. Suddenly a low, muttering awful sound broke on the air; it came nearer, ever increasing in volume; the rude talk hushed and the heroic faces grew pale. Then, as the enormous portals yawned asunder, those ancient heroes turned and fled in precipitate dismay; for through the cavernous opening there rushed a monstrous shade, moving swiftly as a whirlwind, brandishing a ponderous fist, and hoarsely bellowing these words into the palpable obscure: "My name's John L. Sullivan, and I can lick any son of a ——— here!"

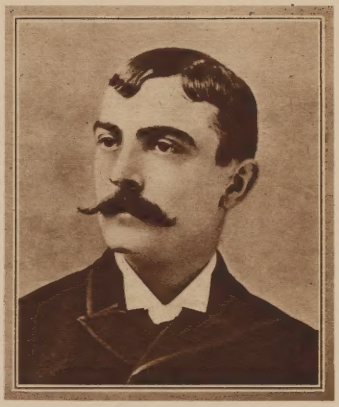
that conquers both opponents and environments and sustains the race, John L. Sullivan will have served to illustrate a very important fact." And John himself, who, like all good Americans, adored his mother, often rendered her a touching homage by remarking with a gulp, "All that I am in this world, I owe to my mother."

Little Johnny was like most other little Johnnies. He spun tops, cheated at marbles, and had many fracases with other boys in which, so he once swore with unquestionable truth, he "always come out on top." But one may feel disposed to doubt another statement of his: "I never had much trouble with my teachers in any of my schools." At all events, there are several fairly well-founded stories to the effect that Johnny had a great deal of trouble with the principal of the Dwight School, which he attended for some years. His mother, too, is authority for the fact that, even when he was only a baby, Johnny manifested signs which clearly indicated that he was an infant prodigy. "John could walk at ten months and could talk at fourteen," she boasted in the year before her death. "He was under a year old when he gave my sister as beautiful a black eye as you ever saw. She was kneeling down holding out her hands to him, when he let her have it with his right. He was as strong as a bear when he was a baby, and would struggle in my arms to get down before he was weaned, so that it was all I could do to hold on to him."

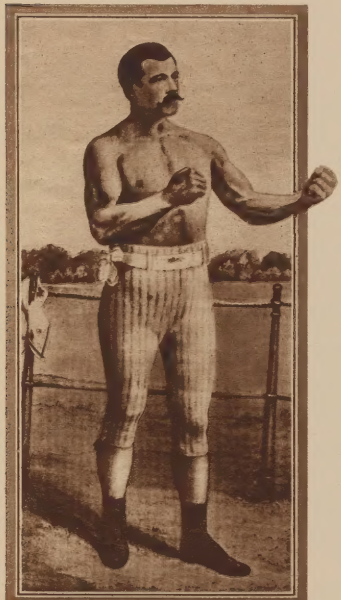
When his elementary school days were over, John entered Boston College, where he fortunately acquired the rudiments of those extraordinary elocutionary powers which served him so well in later days. Indeed, he was always fond of saying that he felt much prouder of his ability to make a telling after-dinner oration than of his ability to win fights. For John always prided himself on his scholastic attainments, and once retorted in this fashion to some unkind skeptics, "I want people to understand that, while not of an egotistical nature, I have a fair amount of common sense, and, with a Boston Public school education, can give an intelligent opinion on almost any subject and conduct myself like a gentleman in any company." At the end of one battle, he paid high tribute to his Boston College instructors in this manner:

"Maybe some of you ginks thinks that I can't do nothing but fight, but let me put you wise that I'm admitted to be one of the prize products of the Boston College School of Oratory, and if you don't believe it, just listen to this sample. The fighting men Boston has turned out never give her no bad name, and she's been turning 'em out ever since the big Bunker Hill scrap. I believe in having a little fight in most everything except funerals. Anything that ain't got some fight in it is like a funeral, and I don't like funerals. Whether it's war, sport, business, or marbles, you've got to do more or less fighting or you're simply talking in your sleep. And if you're satisfied to talk in your sleep all your life, you might as well call in the undertaker now and save time."

The doting parents had early decided that Johnny should go into the priesthood; but when he was about sixteen and free from the restrictions of school, Johnny began to show signs which indicated that he had loftier ambitions in mind. For by this time he had attained such unusual proficiency in lifting heavy weights, in juggling full beer kegs before draining them, in tilting pianos and other heavy objects in a most reckless fashion, in tossing barrels of flour and kegs of nails over his head, in swearing and general carousing, that his parents began to (*Continued on page* 38)



**John L. Sullivan at the age of 21.**



**John L. as he appeared in 1882 when he fought Paddy Ryan. Photo by *The Ring*.)**

# How to Play *in the Water*

## *You'll Have Loads of Fun With These Stunts*

### By L. E. Eubanks

UNLESS you have sometime attended a well-planned aquatic carnival you have little idea of the number and variety of games and stunts which can be accomplished by swimmers.

Racing and diving are not by any means the only sports that are practicable at a pool. I shall assume that you are already a fair swimmer and that you are familiar with the common races, such as the fifty- and one hundred-yard dashes, the two hundred and twenty-yard race, etc. Of course, most water contests partake more or less of the nature of a race, and you should be at home in the water really to enjoy the games. There is nothing better than practice at underwater swimming to make you clever at aquatic stunts. Habituation to the submarine work makes everything else come easy.

Many of the various ball games are feasible at the pool. Pushball, played with an inflated ball three feet in diameter, by teams of six players each, and lasting twenty minutes, is now very popular at California swimming places. Given a ball that will not sink, and a bunch of vigorous bathers can play most anything enjoyed on dry land.

Be sure to try baseball. Few things will give you more exercise and more laughter than the national game in water. Establish a home plate on the beach if playing at an outdoor resort, and stick poles in the river bottom (or use some other marks at a natatorium) to represent first, second and third bases. Let the pitcher stand in water about waist-deep.

You will not establish any records, but oh, the fun! To run in water up to your waist is very hard work, and to see the batter floundering around the bases, swimming a part of the time, while the poor fielders are trying to relay the ball to home base, is a "scream" for the spectators. If you use any kind of a cork ball, be sure to wrap the bat with several thicknesses of cloth, or the ball will not last long. As I have said, most any kind of ball game is practicable if your pool is large enough and you have the necessary paraphernalia.

The obstacle race is among the most amusing water contests. Fix up the course with barrels that are open at both ends, a big net in the center on the surface of the water, a beam across the swimmers' path and a number of life-savers equal to *one less* than the number of contestants. At the starting signal, the swimmers must crawl through the barrels, over the net, through the life-savers, under the logs or beams, touch the other edge of the tank, and return—this time under the net. The funniest feature is when two contestants try to get through the same life-saver.

The novelty race, described by Van Court as follows, is great sport and very fine training in the useful art of being able to swim with clothes on. "The contestants dive off. At the first length of the tank they climb out and put on a pair of trousers, they swim back one length, climb out, and put on a shirt. In they go again, back to the edge at the other end, this time putting on a coat, a hat, and taking an open umbrella. In they go again, finishing with all their clothes buttoned up."

In the candle race each swimmer carries a lighted candle, and the winner is he who "reaches port" first with the light still burning. No one is allowed to splash another's light. It requires care, and considerable swimming skill.

Will o' the Wisp is always interesting. All the contestants but one are blindfolded. This one carries a bell, which he must ring at every order (usually a whistle) from the referee. The blindfolded swimmers try to follow the sound of the bell and tag the bell-carrier. Though the latter has several advantages, particularly in being able to dive more readily (because he sees), the contest is not nearly as one-sided as it sounds, especially if there are many playing and the pool is small. The pursuer who tags the bell-ringer first or the greatest number of times in a given period, wins the game.

Jousting may be done while each contestant rides a log—the object being, as in canoe jousting, to turn your opponent into the water. Each man should be armed with a pole well padded on the end. Let two men contend, then match the winner with another.

Boxing in the pool is somewhat like jousting. Let two men stand in water a little more than waist-deep. The boxers sit on the shoulders of these, and try to topple each other off. Each under man helps his companion all he can by moving around to preserve their balance. Use big, soft gloves.

The tug o' war, as played in the water, cannot well involve more than eight contestants—four in each team. Arrange loops in the rope at suitable distances apart, so that each man can have one of them around his waist yet not be cramped for space. At the signal, each team tries to pull the other across the line—usually *under* it, as the most convenient way is to stretch a cord across the pool well above the swimmers.

A good diving contest can be arranged by having the referee throw eight or ten tin plates, or some similar objects, into the water—not too close together. Let each contestant try, and the one who brings up the greatest number of plates in one dive is the winner.

With these suggestions to illustrate the possibilities and arouse your interest, there is no reason why you cannot devise many stunts and contests for yourselves better than what I have described, perhaps, in that they will suit your particular number of contestants and the size of your pool. Do not, however let enthusiasm cause you to remain in the water too long. Remember that health and exercise are the main objects, and do not let the game itself cause you to over-tax your strength.

# How To Have A CHEST To Be *Proud* Of

The powerful chest of Joe Komur, known professionally as Young Hackenschmitt the Wrestler.

## *A Sturdy Chest Costs You Nothing But Is Worth A Million*

**By Earle Liederman**

Practice deep breathing at all times, whenever you think of it during the day, for you really cannot get too much fresh air in your lungs. Deep breathing is excellent for the expansion of the rib box and for stretching the cartilages of the ribs and sternum, thereby deepening the widening of the chest. Several inches can be gained in chest measurement by increasing the lung capacity.

An individual with a

(*Continued on page 30*)

ONE of the finest developed chests I ever saw was built up largely through deep breathing exercises. This young fellow, only a few years before, had been advised to give up his work and go out on a ranch to live, for the doctor thought that he was far advanced in tuberculosis.

Circumstances were such with him at the time, however, that he could not possibly get away, as he would lose the result of several years' hard work in a little business he had built up in the East.

When he came to see me, and asked what I would suggest under the circumstances, I told him that there wasn't any reason in the world why he couldn't develop his lung power, increase his health and his vital resistance, and overcome, to a very great extent, the ravages of his disease, and still remain in New York.

I started him in breathing properly, and his progress was nothing short of remarkable. Within three months he had gained two inches in lung expansion. I then put him in carefully selected exercises, calculated to develop his pectoral muscles and his lung capacity, and today, two years after he first came to me, he is entirely free from his tubercular condition. In fact, the same doctor now says "He is the picture of ruddy health." And he didn't have to go away or give up his business to get this, either, as he had been warned to do.

I am an enthusiast on deep breathing, and highly recommend the student to take at least ten or fifteen deep inhalations after each muscle-building exercise, while he is resting for the next movement, even though he may be considerably out of breath. Indeed, when you are out of breath, deep breathing is of special benefit.

Demetrius Tofalos showing his tremendous chest developed by weight lifting and wrestling.

# You Should Feel The *Muscles* in Frisch's LEGS

## *Only Players With Hard, Firm Sinews Like His Make Good Base Sliders*


**By Hank Gowdy**

*Famous Catcher of the New York Giants*

*As Told To*

EDWIN A. GOEWEY

**The runner is safe with a right "fall-away," feet-first slide. Catching the bag with his right toe, he swings from beneath the baseman.**

A SUDDEN hush fell over the Polo Grounds. Thirty thousand fans, most of them hatless and coatless, with nerves tingling, pushed to the edges of their seats and focussed straining eyes upon the grass-carpeted playground which stretched before them.

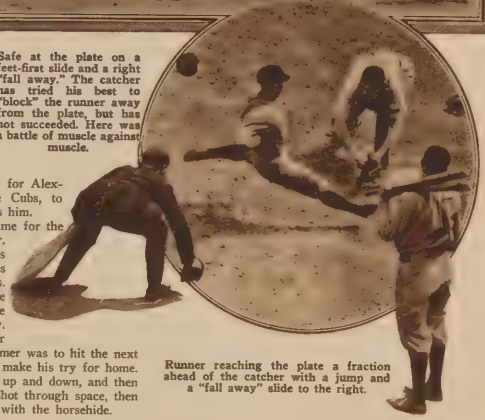
It was the last half of the ninth inning. The score was tied. The Giants were at bat, making a desperate effort to put across the one run necessary to win the game.

At third base, outwardly calm, but with muscles set ready to make a supreme try, poised Frank Frisch. Two men had been put out to get him that far. Everything now depended on him and on George Kelly, who had stepped to the plate and was pounding his bat impatiently upon the rubber for Alexander, who was pitching for the Cubs, to begin his task of trying to outguess him.

However, Alex the Great was game for the duel—equally anxious to have it over. He wasted no time in useless throws to catch Frisch napping. There was a called strike, then two balls. Frisch had the choice of letting the next one to go by. But, from the dug-out came a signal from McGraw. In a flash it was relayed by finger code to Kelly and Frisch. The former was to hit the next ball pitched and the runner was to make his try for home.

Suddenly Alexander's arms went up and down, and then came a flash of white as the ball shot through space, then the "wham" of the ash connecting with the horsehide.

**Safe at the plate on a feet-first slide and a right "fall away." The catcher has tried his best to "block" the runner away from the plate, but has not succeeded. Here was a battle of muscle against muscle.**



**Runner reaching the plate a fraction ahead of the catcher with a jump and a "fall away" slide to the right.**

However, at the instant Alexander had set himself for his wind-up, Frisch had unobtrusively pushed a toe against the bag behind him. Then, as the ball was hurled, he darted forward like a frightened hare along the ninety feet of pathway stretching toward his goal. He was several feet on his way as the sound of the blow came to his ears. The hit-and-run play was working fine, but—a sudden deafening roar from the onlookers reached him and members of his team dashed from the dug-out and beckoned frantically to him.

He knew what it meant. The ball had not gone for a safe hit. The third baseman had managed to knock it down, and was going to make a play at the plate. There was only one thing for Frisch to do and that was to SLIDE!

As though hurled by an unseen catapult, he shot through the air, struck the ground twice his length ahead and slid with practically undiminished speed, feet first, his right leg hooked toward the plate. And that outstretched foot reached the rubber just a fraction of a second before the ball plumped into the catcher's mitt and was swung down viciously upon him.

"Yer safe!" came in a raucous bawl from the umpire.

The game was won. The frenzied spectators fairly split the air with their joyful yells, tossed away their hats and beat each other on the back.

But what of the hero, the youthful athlete who had won the contest—whose daring feat had turned quiet into tumult upon the instant?

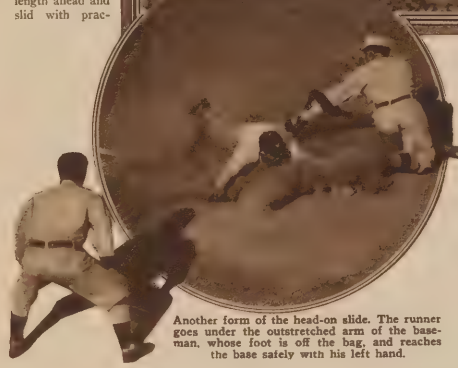
Scrambling to his feet, he slapped a shower of dust from his shirt-front, perfunctorily pulled at the peak of his cap in acknowledgement of the plaudits and dog-trotted easily off in the direction of the club house.

Was he injured? No! Not a wrench, not a bruise—*not even a scratch.*

His slide had been just a part of his day's work. He (*Continued on page* 36)

**Runner going under the extended hand of the baseman with a straight, feet-first slide.**

**Ty Cobb making a dangerous head - on slide and catching the bag with a right hook. As he swings around the bag and partly rises, the baseman stumbles over him. This is one of the most remarkable pictures ever taken on a ball field.**



**Another form of the head-on slide. The runner goes under the outstretched arm of the baseman, whose foot is off the bag, and reaches the base safely with his left hand.**

F. S. CLARK, formerly of the Northwest Mounted Police and well-known boxer, wrestler and rough rider of the movies. His strong, vigorous physique combines speed and agility, so necessary in his work.

JAXEL BJARKSELL, professionally known on the Keith Circuit as Mack of the sensational Fulton and Mack act. He puts his partner of 140 pounds aloft with his right arm in a hand stand—an unduplicated feat.

# Steeled By Struggle

## By Victor Rousseau

*On the Hazardous Cruise of a Whaling Vessel His Muscles Begin to Harden and His Courage is Whetted by the Thrill of Danger*

INFURIATED at his son Ernest's dismissal from college, and chiefly by his lack of physical strength and manly qualities, old James Slocumb, millionaire New England ship-owner, put the boy to gruelling work in the rope-walk of his yards. Ernest stuck it out bravely, encouraged by Jessie Smith, who was staying with the Jones', with whom he boarded. The friendship of the girl and boy ripened into love. Her father, one of Slocumb's captains, hoped that Jesse would marry his mate, Will Gregg, so on their return from sea one day, when they learned from the town gossips of Ernest's courtship, Gregg gave young Slocumb a beating and Smith took his daughter away. Later, at home, taunted and bullied beyond measure by his father, Ernest, in his helpless fury, felled the old man with a heavy stool. As the boy crouched in the doorway in the ominous silence, Captain Smith, a witness of the scene, made a dreadful statement: "Ernest," he said, "you had best know the truth at once. Your father is dead."

ERNEST heard Captain Smith's words, but they seemed to pass idly through his mind. Momentarily the shock had unhinged his reason, or, at least, his understanding. He only stood looking at the captain vacantly.

Captain Smith laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder again and looked into his face. He had seen a man go that way before, one of his crew, when an arrow shot by a treacherous Polynesian had pierced his heart. The man had assumed just that vacant look; he knew that he was as good as dead, but the brain, unable to convey the intelligence to the already-failing body, had left him numbed before he tumbled dead upon the deck.

It was that way with Ernest. He stood like a statue, staring at the captain, reason tottering in the balance, till suddenly she came back into her own, and the boy sank into a grovelling heap at the captain's feet.

Captain Smith pulled him up, a trembling, cringing wreck. All the new manhood had gone out of him in the face of the awful news that he had killed his father.

"Save me! Save me!" he sobbed, clinging wildly to the captain's arm. "They'll hang me, and I—I didn't mean to kill him. You know I didn't mean it. He would have killed me if I hadn't struck him. I'm too young to die—that way."

Captain Smith looked down at the whining wreck, and his face twisted with contempt. "Aye, a fine ending for the last of the Slocumbs," he answered bitterly. "The last of them, and the first to swing at a rope's end. The canvas cap over your face, and the new rope tightening about your throat, and——"

"For God's sake stop!" screamed the lad. "What can I do? Tell me what I can do! Won't you tell the court it was an accident? Won't you save me, for my father's sake? He wouldn't have wanted me to die. He was just, in spite of—"

Captain Smith shook himself free. "Not so loud!" he whispered. "Are you a man, or what? Are you man enough to take the chance I'm going to offer you?"

"What is it?" moaned the boy, looking up at the captain eagerly, and catching at this faint ray of hope that seemed about to present itself.

"A stowaway, Captain." "Looks like it," answered Captain Smith.

"I'm willing to do what I can to save your precious neck—not for your own sake, but for your father's. To spare his spirit the shame of knowing that the last Slocumb went out that way."

"I'll do anything you tell me to," whimpered Ernest. And now it was a spasm of pity, and not of disgust, that crossed the captain's face. After all, Ernest was little more than a boy.

"I'll tell you, then. I've got to notify the police about this. I've got to tell them the truth, and the whole truth. But I can say you left the house immediately after you killed your father. And that's where I'm willing to help you.

"No use to try running away. The news will be all over the East by morning. They'll be looking for you in every city. They'll comb the country with a fine-tooth comb. And if they catch you, you'll hang. Don't make no mistake about that, my boy, they'll hang you.

"Now here's my plan. The *Nancy* will have her oil discharged by midnight. We was to have sailed in two weeks for the Antarctic, with a scratch crew, and picking up men where we can. There's nothing to stop me setting sail tomorrow morning with a few men. They'll sign right on again, and the police won't have had time to subpoena me.

"If you git aboard and hide in the lazarette, that will be the last place in the world any one will think of looking for you. You can hide there, and by morning we'll be in blue water, and the world will think you've made your getaway out of town. That's your only chance in the world, my boy.

"I'll do it. It's taking a risk, but I'll do it for your father's sake, because I think he'd want me to if he could know. And because I know murder wasn't in your thoughts when you struck him with that stool. I'll hide you, and when we're at sea you can come out as a stowaway, and if any of the men knows you I guess he'll have sense enough to keep silent. But the men I'll take with me will be those I picked up in other ports, not home men. Then I'll drop you in some foreign port, and the world will be none the wiser. What you got to say about that, Ernest?"

"God bless you," muttered the boy gratefully. He was shaking from head to foot. And yet the abject cowardice that he had shown might have been displayed by many a better man than he. It was as much the realization of the nature of his crime as fear of retribution that had unnerved him.

"Come along with me, then," said Captain Smith. "Ain't no good thinking of your clothes. We got to smuggle you aboard the *Nancy* quick, and without any one being the wiser."

TOGETHER they left that house of horror and plunged into the darkness, skirting the frequented road so as to avoid meeting any one, until they reached the short turn that led them to the head of the wharf at which the *Nancy* was berthed. Ernest looked back at Ebenezer's house, at the light in the living-room, and the light in the room upstairs, which he knew was Jessie's. The thought of Jessie, whom he would never see again, affected him strangely. But it helped him to pull himself together. He followed the captain down the deserted wharf, and across the gangplank aboard the vessel.

Boarding her at the stern, Captain Smith led the way down from the after-

"Listen, Ernest. I just want you always to remember one thing, wherever you are. I believe in you."

deck to his quarters underneath. Ernest saw a comfortably furnished little living-room, and, what struck him as strange, pots of geraniums in the little square window at the rear. The captain stopped, and gave Ernest a long scrutinizing look.

"Here, take a sip of this, my lad," he said, opening a closet door and bringing out a bottle and a tumbler.

He poured out a liberal drink and handed it to the boy, who swallowed it in two gulps. It was rum, more fiery than any of the bootleg whiskey that he had ever drunk. It scorched his throat, but almost immediately it seemed to put new courage into him.

"I'll do all I can for you," said Smith, clapping him on the shoulder. "Come along this way."

He preceded the boy along a narrow passage running amidships, past the door of the empty engine-room, then into a continuation of the passage, completely dark. The dynamo not running, Captain Smith struck a match, disclosing a small door. He drew a key from his pocket, and unlocked it.

By the light of the expiring match Ernest could see a small store-room, almost filled with barrels and boxes. There was, however, a little vacant space at the back, behind some barrels, and, at the captain's gesture, Ernest crawled into it. Looking up by the light of another match that the captain struck, Ernest saw that the air was admitted through a gap in the timbers overhead.

"Git in there, boy! I'll bring you a pitcher of water and some bread. Make yourself comfortable," said the captain sardonically.

He disappeared, and Ernest crawled into the vacant space and cowered there until the captain returned, with a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread, which he set down on a packing-case beside him.

"That'll fix you, I guess," he said. "If the police should search the ship for you, which I don't expect, you jest lay still and don't make a sound, even if they open the door. I got to warn them now, but I guess they won't suppose you've stowed yourself away on board.

"You jest lay still till we're in deep water, and then I'll let you out. But don't make a sound. And remember, lad, whatever happens, I don't know you, and I don't know nothing about you. You get me?"

"Ye-es," shivered the boy. "Captain," he continued pleadingly, as the old man started to withdraw, "Will you—will you tell Jessie that I—I didn't mean to—to do what I did?"

"Oh, I'll tell her sure enough if she axes me," returned the captain. "Guess you're going to have enough to do with keeping tab on your own troubles, without worrying your head about what other folks thinks of you."

HE WITHDREW. The door closed. The lock was turned. Ernest cowered in the dark, stifling lazarette. He could hear no sound. He might have been in a dark and silent hell, with nothing but his own thoughts to keep him company.

Hitherto, his fears had predominated at the expense of memory, but now remorse began to raise her grisly head. He saw again the infuriated look upon his father's face, the crashing stool, the look of dull surprise that followed anger; the tall old body toppling to the floor and lying so terrifically still, with a thread of crimson streaking the white hair.

He shuddered and moaned as the hideous spectre of his crime paraded itself before him. A murderer and a parricide! Though he fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, nothing could wash that stain away. He would bear the brand of Cain as long as he lived.

And slowly the hours wore away. Crouching with wide, straining eyes in the dark lazarette, Ernest lost all count of time. It seemed an eternity before a faint light began to steal through the timbers overhead, and he knew that dawn had come.

Long before this the police must have been searching for him, his name was already a word of horror in the mouths of all. Every road must already be guarded, in a score of near-by cities men would be watching for him.

In imagination he saw himself taken, the trial, the hideous end of it all in the prison yard at dawn. Those hours of mortal terror etched themselves indelibly into his soul.

And out of them arose something stronger, as steel comes out of the crucible. He had (*Continued on page 42*)

# Want To Put On The Gloves?

## *Sid Terris Tells You How To Use 'Em*

### Shifting, Dodging and Ducking -- Blocking and Countering


## *By* SID TERRIS

*Contender for the Lightweight Championship Title*

The man on the left starts a right-hand cross which his opponent stops with his left glove, countering with his own right on the chin of his opponent. Whentheman on the right stops his opponent's right he counters

I HAVE learned that there is a somewhat prevalent opinion that lads beginning to learn the fundamentals of the ring game should give boxing and gymnasium work their undivided attention.

Speaking from my own experience, I cannot endorse such a belief. Of course, to become proficient in any line of endeavor, a person should work at it persistently and with a determination to succeed, but occasionally there should be excursions into other athletic fields lest the single line grow monotonous. Any boy can play some baseball and basketball, swim, run and hike, and still give the desired time to his boxing lessons.

Take my own case. When Dan Caplin, my manager, first took hold of me and began the preliminaries of the schooling which was to make me a professional boxer, he insisted that I exercise outside the gym and the ring. His intention was to increase my speed and wind, train my eyes and improve my sense of distance and direction.

My program then included field and track work with the school teams, baseball and basketball. I won a considerable measure of success as a sprint runner and jumper, and I was captain of the baseball and basketball teams of the public school which I attended. In the year that I directed the latter we took the city junior championship from the school which had held it for a number of years. How did we do it? By working for accuracy in placing the ball. That season I made a record of nineteen consecutive, follow-up, standing goals in thirty seconds.

And the judgment of distance and precision of movement I learned then has stood me in good stead ever since.

I don't believe you will make a mistake if you follow my athletic program. Now for the lesson, which like that of last month, will deal with movements of the hands, feet and body.

In a way, we might say that boxing is little more than a matter of shifts. The contestants are constantly moving hands and feet and altering their position—continually trying to trap each other into presenting an opening or betraying a weakness.

But as we are going to use the term, "shift" has a more definite meaning. If you can imagine a movement which would send your body to a desired position without the necessity of you moving your feet, you will understand one kind of shift. The difference between that and a side-step would be that your actual position would deceive your opponent, because for the moment he would really believe that you had moved entirely.

This idea of deceit is the foundation of and the reason for shifting. You can study out many ruses of the kind for yourself—shifts of arms alone, feet alone or body alone—or shifts of a combined order. I intend, in a later article, to tell you more about this, but I want you to study on it some now and experiment a bit so as to help you smooth out and speed up what you have learned about footwork and what I am going to tell you about dodging and ducking. For the present, try to realize that a good boxer must be "shifty" and cultivate a loose, supple style in every movement. The important shifts will be described later, but now you must lay the foundation.

As I have stated, evasion of a blow is very much better than parrying it. One of the biggest advances in the science of boxing has been this feature, the reliance, more and more, on evasion instead of guarding. It is not only economical of your strength, but leaves both hands free to use instead

The man on the right starts a left hook to his opponent's jaw, which his opponent parries with his right hand and counters with his left.

of one. Guarding not only takes one of your arms, but the contact often throws you out of the correct balance for effective hitting.

Many times, the easiest, if not the only way to evade a blow, is simply to move the head to one side. Let A lead a straight left at B's head. B keeps his position of feet (and hands, unless he sends in a counter-blow), and merely snaps his head over toward the right. There is nothing in the movement to bother you. It's the correct timing of the blow and the judgment of distance which requires practice. Be sure to reverse the order of practice, letting B lead a while and A dodge.

In some circumstances it is preferable to move the head to the left in dodging a straight left lead, but ordinarily it is better to dodge to the outside of the blow than inside, as the latter moves you toward your opponent's other hand. A straight right to the face would be dodged by moving the head to the dodger's left. Your aim should be to get the head movements down to such a fine point that you can move either way with lightning-like speed, yet just far enough to permit the glove to go by.

The beginner, when he feels he is becoming somewhat clever in the manipulation of his head, is inclined to experiment and see how far he can make his antagonist miss him. Especially, when there is a strong spirit of rivalry, one contestant often desires to "show-up" and humiliate the other by making him "miss a mile." Take my advice and do not do this. It isn't good sportsmanship, and it isn't good boxing. It makes you lose many a good opportunity to slam in a telling return blow, and it gives the striker a lot more time to recover his balance and his wits.

I recall a very clever boxer who was extraordinarily good at "head slipping." He would just barely get his head out of the way, but the instant the glove passed his shoulder he was right up under his opponent's forearm, making it difficult for the latter to get his left arm down and back where it belonged. Usually while the other was trying to do this, the clever lad was rapping away with short-arm rights and lefts to the stomach.

The only way you can get such a clever boxer with a left is by feinting first and making him dodge into it. I will tell you about feinting later. Meantime, try to become just as speedy and exact on the side-snap of the head as you can. Take plenty of neck strengthening exercises, because the more contractile power and suppleness the neck has the quicker you can move the head in dodging. I cannot think of a single boxer who has distinguished himself as a clever dodger who does not possess a strong and well-muscled neck.

The man on the left makes a left-hand lead, which his opponent pushes aside with his right, throwing his opponent off balance. As quickly as he has pushed his opponent's left-hand glove out of the way, the man on the right counters with his left.

Ducking is a little more complicated than dodging and decidedly more important. Most of the blows you will evade by head slipping will be of (*Continued on page* 34)

Balmus balancing on one hand on a flag pole 200 feet above the street.

# Looking Into The JAWS Of DEATH

## *If You Want To Take A Peek Into The Great Beyond, Do A Hand-stand On The Edge Of A Cliff*


*By*
**Walter Wheatley**
***(Balmus the Daredevil)***

Just to prove he was not superstitious, Balmus did this stunt on a Friday.

"SKINNY! Skinny!! Oh, look at Skinny!!"

That was the tantalizing cry, echoed in many voices, which greeted a thin, undersized lad of twelve each day when he came from school in far-off Melbourne, Australia, where he was learning his three R's.

Despite the fact that he was scrawny, without muscular development and a weakling, he turned upon his jibing fellows and fought them with such feeble power as lay behind his tiny fists.

But he always was thrashed. There was none among his laughing, jeering schoolmates who was not his physical superior. That was in 1912.

On the morning of May 29, 1921, a well-poised young man, whose every movement bespoke muscular development and assured strength, performed the most startling and dangerous daredevil feat every accomplished in Australia.

With a crowd of hushed, awed and fearful persons looking on from a distance, he walked to the very edge of the nighty cliff, known as The Gap, at South Head. From the point where he stood to the lowest of the projecting rocks below was 120 feet. And, down beyond them, fully 200 feet further, the green ocean lashed itself against the base of the mountain.

To go off the top of that cliff was certain death. Some had fallen from it accidentally. Others had made the plunge deliberately. It was a gruesome, dangerous spot, generally avoided.

The man waited while a photographer, lashed in a special tackle, was swung into a position where he would be able to "snap" him.

Everything ready, the venturesome one, slowly and deliberately reversed himself until he stood, like a graven statue against a background of blue sky, executing a perfect hand-balance. Without apparent effort or show of nerves, he held his position until he was certain that the photographer had completed his work. Then he came down upon his feet and stepped back.

It was not the first of his nerve-defying stunts, but it was his most spectacular and dangerous.

Incidentally, the master equilibrist and acrobat at South Head was the Melbourne school-boy weakling grown up.

How was the amazing transformation brought about in the intervening nine-year period? I'll tell you. For I was the once puny lad who succeeded in making a real man of himself; one who was the superior, physically, of a majority of his fellows. (*Continued on page* 26)

# How Good Are YOU?

## *Are You Making the Most of Your Muscles?*

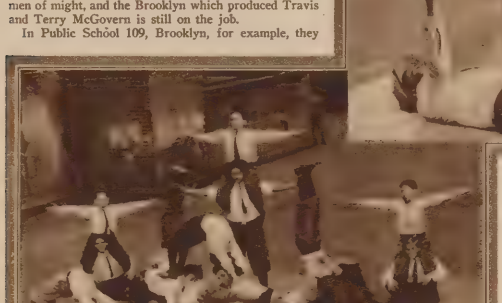
WE HAVE heard so much of Henry Ford and Muscle Shoals that it is a great relief to learn about Brooklyn, N. Y., and its muscle schools.

In Brooklyn, which O. Henry certainly maligned when he called it the "great city of the unburied dead," they are very active in the muscle-building business. Brooklyn, you know, is the place where Warren Lincoln Travis got his start. In an earlier issue of Muscle Builder, our friend Warren told you that he attended school in Brooklyn and that he did his first dumb-bell lifting in the school's rather crude gymnasium.

Tons and tons of iron and steel have been lifted on wrestler's bridges since that day, and at this writing Warren is the champion all-around weight-lifter of America. But America needs new weight-lifters and men of might, and the Brooklyn which produced Travis and Terry McGovern is still on the job.

In Public School 109, Brooklyn, for example, they

**Oscar Golden, physical instructor in Public School 109, Brooklyn, N. Y., watching two of his pupils do their stuff. Philip Kaplan, one of the pupils of the school, is balancing his brother, Sammy, on his hands.**



**The gymnasium class doing various hand bridges, push-ups, lifts, etc., and forming a pyramid of rugged frames and solid muscles.**

follow the Golden Rule of muscle-building. He who makes the rule is Oscar Golden, the burly instructor shown in the photograph.

And two of those who follow the rule are Sammy Kaplan, the boy who looks like Jackie Coogan, and his brother, Phil Kaplan, who lies on his back and lifts Sammy to prove that a man may be down but he's never out.

In the second photograph, you see the gymnasium class doing very clever "hand bridges," push-ups, lifts, etc., and forming a pyramid of rugged frames and solid muscles.

See the chap in the background? Well, we'll bet he thinks he is dodging work and having a good time by simply looking on. We hope he wakes up and realizes that running water is the only clean water and that the only live muscle is active muscle.

By shirking while others exercise, he is cheating nobody but himself. Building muscle not only develops the body but makes one strong. Exercise builds brain as well as brawn. It is an old saying that if you keep on erecting schools you won't have to build so many jails. Recently we have come to realize that if we build gymnasiums we won't have to buy red bricks for insane asylums. Through bringing about co-ordination of mind and body through exercise, Edwin Zello, an old Muscle Builder friend, whose story appeared in an early issue of this publication, has transformed lunatics at a local asylum into perfectly sane men and women.

Our hat is off to Brooklyn, N. Y., where they have at least one school that subscribes to the policy of muscle-building.

Do they build muscle in the schools of your town or city?

Do the children of your commonwealth know as much about Eugen Sandow as they know about Sir Isaac Newton?

Is your board of education building rugged bodies in which to domicile brilliant minds?

How good is your board of education?

How good are you? (*Continued on page 45*)

# *Canoeing* As A MUSCLE BUILDER

Lt. G. H. G. Smyth, who recently completed the longest canoe trip on record, paddling from Nova Scotia to New York and from London to Rome, a distance of 3,100 miles.

## *Your Lungs and All Your Muscles Are Exercised and Developed When You Wield the Paddle*

**By Lieut. G. H. G. Smyth**
*As told to* **Edwin A. Goewey**

LIEUTENANT SMYTH, of Toronto, Canada, who for a considerable period has held all the American and English records for long-distance paddling, recently completed a journey which has given him undisputed rank as the world's champion canoeist. With the single blade he propelled himself from Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Rome, Italy, by way of New York City. The only time he did not depend upon his own muscular efforts was while crossing the Atlantic from the American metropolis to England. The actual paddling distance was 3,100 miles, the trip being made by the sportsman, unattended, in an open canoe. The interview for the article which follows was given when he reached New York, after he had covered the most arduous portion of his trip, the 1,350 miles intervening between that city and the starting point in Nova Scotia, made in just forty-two days of actual paddling.

AMONG those who parted with their quarters for the privilege of seeing the performance of an itinerant, one-ring circus, which pitched its tents upon the outskirts of a little Ontario town some twenty-six years back, was a bulky man, with the carriage of the seasoned athlete and the bronzed skin of one accustomed to life in the open, at whose side trudged a sturdy lad of seven, wide-eyed with the thrill of wonderment and anticipation.

The boy laughed at the antics of the clowns, smiled at the pretty ladies in short and filmy skirts who pirouetted upon the backs of galloping horses and held his breath while four monster elephants stood upon their hind legs and trumpeted

But it was not until a troupe of acrobats, with great, bulging muscles took the center of the ring and began their program of feats of strength and agility, that his enthusiasm reached its climax. He climbed to his feet, that he should miss nothing, and added his mite to the general applause by an almost continuous clapping of his hands.

"Father," he said, as they moved from beneath the canvas following the final blare of brass which had brought the matinee to a close, "if I keep on exercising and playing out of doors will I get big muscles so I can be an acrobat some day?"

The father smiled. "If you continue doing as I taught you," he replied, "you will have just as good muscles as those men you saw at the circus. But why do you want to be an acrobat?"

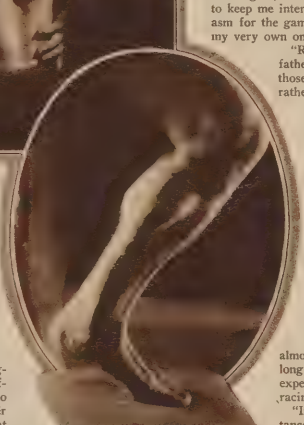
"Because they are so strong, and I want to do things which none of the other boys can do."

A year later the same indulgent father took the boy to a great Canadian city to see Eugen Sandow, one of the most famous men of might the world ever has known, performing his amazing feats. The youth sat enthralled throughout the exhibition, but immediately thereafter confided to his father that his ambition had changed; that instead of being an acrobat he wanted to be a strong man. And his reason, he explained, was that Sandow was so much more muscular than the acrobats whose feats he had admired twelve months previous.

The father, whose supple and well-nurtured body was a monument to his years of play and exercise in the open, took stock of the situation. He had trained the lad in simple calisthenics and fostered his desire to be an outdoor boy because he knew that such a course would lay the foundation of splendid health for his son. But the lad's ambition to acquire such muscular strength as would enable him to outshine his fellows, satisfied him that, later on, the youth would make an effort to do something out of the ordinary, that he would strive to accomplish results in some line of athletics which would establish a new record. His expressed thoughts were those of the true champion in embryo.

Naturally, with his own fondness for physical excellence,

The muscles of Lt. Smyth's back and arms have been splendidly developed during his lifetime of canoeing.



Lt. Smyth's exceptional calf muscle, which has been developed through paddling.

he backed his son with his strongest sympathies, and from that time on he worked with and advised him, never forcing him beyond his strength, but encouraging him to systematic effort. Whether he was to win acclaim as a follower of Sandow, as an acrobat or in some other line of muscular endeavor, was a matter of but passing consideration to the father at that time. His objective then was to give the boy the proper physical groundwork, and let the future determine his line.

In October of last year, the same youth, grown into a fine and splendidly developed specimen of North American manhood—184 pounds of solid muscle and bone—reached New York after the first lap of what was destined to be the greatest single man feat in the history of all aquatic sport, a trip in a frail canoe over a route equal to about one-eighth of the earth's circumference, and much of it in the open sea. He had found his niche in sportdom.

The venturesome canoeist, G. H. G. Smyth, a lifelong follower of the canons of physical culture, came to this office to report his progress before boarding the steamer which was to carry him and his modest, fifteen-foot craft to England, where he would begin the final 1,750 miles of his epoch-making journey by crossing the English Channel from Dover to Calais.

"As I look back upon those 'kid' days of mine," he said, "I cannot help smiling, for there is no doubt that at that time I would rather have been a circus strong man than the Premier of Canada.

"My father, fortunately, displayed the proper spirit. His intention was to make me a mining engineer. And, as I was too young to debate the question, he simply said nothing about it, but encouraged my athletic ambitions as a whole. No doubt he surmised that long before I reached my majority, I would decide against earning my living as a professional performer, and would be satisfied to utilize such physical prowess as I might possess to win glory rather than dollars.

"And I am inclined to believe that he also showed shrewdness—with the future always in mind—when he began teaching me to swim almost as soon as I was able to walk, and to paddle a canoe just as soon as I could swim.

"Being an expert paddler himself, he knew that there was nothing in the whole range of sport better calculated to bring action to practically every muscle of the body, and to keep me interested and to bring me to the same enthusiasm for the game he felt, he gave me a splendid canoe for my very own on my tenth birthday.

"Right here I might state that, although my father did not know physical culture as such in those early days of my training, he did follow rather closely the principles for building up a man and keeping him fit which afterward became grouped generally under that title. Cold baths, sleeping with bedroom windows open, even in the winter, were accepted as a natural course, but he did give special and strict attention to my diet. I was permitted plenty of fish and fowl, but practically no meat, with all kinds of fruits, vegetables and cereals making up most of the remainder of my menus. My beverages were water and milk. I never used either alcohol or tobacco because of his warnings of the harm they would do me.

"From the time I received my first canoe until I went to Ridley College, at St. Catharine's, to take up an engineering course, the paddle was in my hands almost all of the time I was in the open. And, long before that time, I had qualified as an expert with the single blade and won many racing honors.

"It was after I had captured my first distance paddling race that I forever turned my back upon my ambition to win applause in the sawdust ring or upon the stage. Right there and then, if persistent effort would do the trick I determined that canoeing was my real forte. I would one day become the greatest long-distance paddler among white men. And, even then, I entertained visions of venturing from the rivers and lakes to the open sea.

"During my time in college I was compelled to give less than the customary attention to canoeing, but kept myself in splendid condition by playing Rugby football, hockey, cricket and swimming. And, because skill at the latter is of paramount importance to the paddler, I did my utmost to make myself a first-class performer, with the pleasing result that I won the medal given by the Royal Life Saving Society of Great Britain for passing all tests. Among other accomplishments, I can upset, fill and empty a canoe in twenty-seven seconds, and I can flip and get back into a canoe in eleven seconds.

"When I began my engineering work, which took me into the various mineral districts of (*Continued on page 28*)

This advertisement is in answer to the average person who says:

"Oh, your course is all right for some people, but not for me.

"I am not interested in big muscles.

"I do indoor work all day and get enough exercise.

"I am too busy to bother with physical culture.

"I have no room to do it in.

"I can't spare the money. I have more important things to buy first.

Gov. "Al" Smith, first pupil to enroll in Benny Leonard's Course.

Ted Lewis and his famous fast hand-swing strength formative lessons. "Your course is of invaluable service to me and the boys of my band. It conserves our health and keeps us physically fit in spite of the terrific strain on our work, on our nerves, energy and physical strength in our weekly series [illegible]."

# Governor Smith Keeps Fit with Benny Leonard's Course

## *and so do folks in every walk of life*

Dorothy Knapp, [illegible] star and winner of [illegible] Universal Beauty prize in 1925 says: "I want to let you know how much benefit I have derived from your course of home physical culture training, in keeping me in splendid health and condition all the time, and in developing and maintaining the lines of my body."

NEXT to President Coolidge, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York is the busiest man in American life. He has enrolled in the Benny Leonard Course for Promoting Physical Fitness. He hasn't the time to go to gymnasiums. So he devotes fifteen minutes every morning to following Leonard's instructions. And he receives many other important pointers through the Course on how to care for his most important possession—his body.

Governor Smith's enrollment points out this moral to every man, woman and child: Stop neglecting your body. There's no such thing as being too busy to give it the needed and proper exercise and care. That is the first and most important task in life. If you would make good in your job, your first requisite is good health. *Guard it—promote it.* A clean, sound body means a keen, clear head. It gives you vigor—ambition—and the punch necessary to forge ahead. And above all, it gives you the *Enjoyment of Life*, the greatest and only thing to live for, after all.

And to show you that the Benny Leonard Course is for every type of person, from the poorest, lowliest laborer up to the biggest of men, regardless of occupation, income, age, sex, or position in life, consider the fact that the enrollments have come in from truck-drivers, ministers, [illegible] salesmen, lawyers, doctors, governors, actors, housewives, band leaders, ball players, bookkeepers, writers, farmhands, day laborers, boxers, stenographers, college students, and practically every conceivable kind of human being over 16 years of age. The photographs on this page hint of a few of the various types numbered among the Benny Leonard pupils.

SEND THIS COUPON for free booklet, "Now I Can Tell You"—written by Benny Leonard and filled with human interest pictures and facts. A worthy addition to your library. FREE, mind you. Mail this NOW

The answer then, is exactly this: Start the physical culture life today. Start it with Benny Leonard, the physical marvel of the age, the man who has discovered new ways of transforming weaklings into giants of physical vigor, (he furnished his own frail body with the stamina and punch that has made him the "greatest lightweight champion the world has ever known"). You can pay out of your income, if you wish—just a little every week. You'll never miss it. One week's sickness will cost you more than the entire course, including lessons, home gym apparatus and all personal instructions of Benny Leonard himself. Don't put it off—send coupon at once for free booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," that tells you all about it. No obligation whatsoever to get this booklet. It's full of pictures and interesting facts you never before knew. It's *free*—send for it *right now* —this minute.

BENNY LEONARD,
123 West 31st St. (Dept. B-E), New York, N. Y.

Sounds to me that your booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You," must contain some mighty interesting reading matter. Will you please send me a copy? I enclose 10c (either in stamps or coin) to help cover cost of getting this book out and sending it. There's no obligation.

Name .....
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City .....
State .....

# BENNY LEONARD'S
## HOME COURSE OF MUSCLE AND BODY BUILDING
123 WEST 31st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

# DON'T Let Anybody Bully You

## LEARN SCIENTIFIC TRICKS OF PHYSICAL MASTERY

Don't pick scraps, but when you're right don't "back water." And don't worry about a man that's bigger and stronger than you are. By a few simple tricks you can have any assailant at your mercy quick as a flash. At last the astounding secrets of self-defense, used by the New York Police, are revealed in the marvelous, officially recognized system—

## Sgt. Wallander's Course

*All Complete In*

## PHYSICAL TRAINING MANUAL

By Sgt. A. W. WALLANDER, Training School

NEW YORK POLICE

This volume is a complete course in physical culture. Scores of gripping action photos showing just how to throw a bigger man and overpower him—how you disarm a hold-up thug—how to build up muscle—how to keep in fighting trim. Hundreds of health hints, too: care of the feet, prevention of colds, correct posture, how to walk without fatigue. This is the genuine book used by the New York Police Dept., now available to YOU for the first time!

## EASY TO LEARN

Let Sgt. Wallander give you his great secrets. A few hours of easy reading will make you master of these closely-guarded detective tricks. You'll hardly believe that such valuable knowledge could be learned so easily.

## *ALL YOURS* IN WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COURSE

SEND NO MONEY. — In Physical Culture and Police circles this volume is world-famous. You're lucky that you can get it on this short-time offer. Send immediately for your copy. You'll be a new man. You can learn how to be a great athlete. Don't delay. Don't send money now. Just send the coupon today. When volume arrives, pay the postman $1.97, plus few cents postage. If you are not satisfied return volume and get money back.

**$1.97** Plus Postage

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Please send me Sgt. Wallander's *Physical Mastery Course* as contained in the "Physical Training Manual." Upon arrival I will pay the postman $1.97 plus a few cents carrying charges. It is understood that if I am not satisfied with this book, I will return it and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

($2.25 U.S. Cash with order in all other countries)


# Looking Into the Jaws of Death

(*Continued from page* 21)

Briefly, physical culture brought about my regeneration. But, to understand all that it did, to comprehend fully what a blessing this religion of exercise, diet and life in the open has been to me and mine—how, for that matter, you can make it benefit you—I must tell my story in more detail.

In writing such a tale I must, of necessity, make frequent use of the pronoun "I." However, please absolve me of all conceit or boasting. What I shall tell will not be for the purpose of patting myself upon the back, but with the hope of encouraging some of you to follow my example until you have acquired health which will permit of no complaint.

I made my first appearance at Melbourne, Victoria, a little more than twenty-five years ago. From the outset I was rather a poor specimen of baby, ailing much and being far from the kind of a pink and plump infant of which most parents are proud and boastful.

The first fourteen years of my life were decidedly uneventful and possessed little of interest. As I have said, I was unable to join in the boisterous play of my fellows.

Then one day, when I was fourteen and a half years old, I had a stroke of good fortune which changed completely my mode of living and, ultimately, resulted in making me the physically fit, all-round athlete I long had dreamed of being.

As I passed a book stall I noticed a copy of a health magazine. I bought it, took it home and that night read every article in it. To me it was a genuine revelation; a sermon from the great beyond. It told me the things I had wanted to know about my body—how to become well, healthy and strong. And before we went to bed, Mother and I agreed to live the life of physical culturists.

During the first six months I surely had a battle on my hands. Only by dogged determination was I able to go through my exercises and do the walking and running I knew was necessary to get me started right.

But, after a time, I began to realize I was winning. And, when the first six months' period was up, my physique had filled out considerably, my muscles had become firm, my wind was good and I had a splendid appetite for the vegetables, fruits and coarse grains which constituted the bulk of my menus.

Then I went into the open country for a while; to hunt, fish, swim, ride and camp out. When I returned I was astonishingly strong and rugged. Those who formerly had mocked, looked me over in wonderment. And I never heard the despised nickname "Skinny" again.

Naturally I was both proud and happy, and, boy-like, desired to impress my companions and friends with a performance or two which would be a bit out of the ordinary and demonstrate my new prowess.

First I showed them what I could do as a swimmer, and they surely were amazed at my high diving and the tricks I could do in the water. Next I gave them a demonstration of my horsemanship. For months I had been riding bareback, both in the bush and sprint races. And I rode bareback for them; not straight-aways, but over the hurdles. After that there remained no question as to my athletic status.

However, I had additional ambitions; one of which was to be a weight lifter. So, while I continued to practice daily to perfect myself in general sports, I entered a gymnasium and began work with the dumb-bells and other apparatus. My advancement was truly wonderful.

When I was sixteen and a half I could lift 106 pounds above my head with either hand and by the time I was seventeen I was able to make the 120-pound lift, one hand, over my head.

Another six months of gymnasium work, and I decided to abandon the lifting of heavy weights and turn my efforts to becoming an all-round athlete, featuring general acrobatics, particularly hand balancing and swimming. And, to increase my strength and speed, I took up wrestling and boxing.

My progress was rapid and it was not long before I was a recognized leader among Australian amateurs as a distance and fancy swimmer and at high and fancy diving. Ultimately I became the champion fancy diver of Victoria. My high diving exhibitions were many, and placed me well to the fore. My best figure was a sixty-foot dive into the sea. Incidentally I saved several persons from drowning.

Then, with my ever-increasing strength and acrobatic skill, I yearned for "other worlds to conquer." I had absolute control over my muscles, and this gave me courage to attempt feats which were decidedly hazardous. And, after I had shinnied up the sides of a few cliffs, climbed flagpoles, etc., and found that I was practically without nerves and felt no fear, I was satisfied that I might go further without risk to my neck.

Incidentally, I performed my balance at The Gap and did other venturesome stunts on Friday just to prove that I was free from superstition.

As a preliminary to a "stunt" career I chose a professional name, Balmus—formed from the words balance and muscle. Then I sallied forth to win fame as a daredevil performer, with the movies, the vaudeville stage—and America, as future prospects.

After doing several things which attracted some attention to myself as a "fearless acrobat," I determined upon one which would give me the wider publicity I sought. It was to mount the clock-tower of the Hotel Bondi, at Melbourne, and climb the flagpole upon it. When the day for the feat arrived a great crowd was present to watch me. A strong north-east wind was blowing, but it gave me small concern. Stripped to shirt and trousers, I climbed the flagpole, reached the top—considerably more than 200 feet above the pavement—and, three or four times did a hand-balance upon the cap.

That stunt accomplished its purpose.

# NOW A Gymnasium In Your Home—Without Cost

**Any room or corner in your house can be instantly converted into a gymnasium with an exerciser for every muscle in your entire body—without driving a single nail or even moving out a single piece of furniture.**

PROF. H. W. TITUS as he is today

*NOTICE: The Titus System is manufactured and sold under patents allowed and pending in all countries. Infringements will be prosecuted by law.*

## Why? Do the finest ocean liners have gymnasiums? Do the finest Athletic Clubs have gymnasiums? Do all Y. M. C. A.'s, schools, colleges and similar institutions have gymnasiums?

## Because! Exercising Apparatus is highly necessary to build up and strengthen the muscles of the body and to develop the great strength required by all athletes and strong men.

Knowing as I do that exercising apparatus is essential in body and muscle building, I perfected and patented the TITUS PROGRESSIVE and AUTOMATIC EXERCISER. It is the backbone of the famous and highly successful TITUS SYSTEM which has been used and endorsed by many of the world's greatest strong men and famous athletes. With this remarkable apparatus, which is in itself a complete home gymnasium, I have combined a course of instruction and a set of exercises which develop to accurate proportions **every muscle of the entire human body**—and does it much quicker and better than the old-time methods.

If you want big muscles rippling all over your body: a chest several inches larger than it is now; legs, arms and neck that will make people admire and envy you; a pair of shoulders that look as though they could carry a couple of tons; and if you, like everyone else, want this miraculous development in the shortest possible time, you will choose the TITUS SYSTEM because it will do all this and even more for you. It will build and tone you up so that you will hardly know yourself. It will strengthen your vital organs—increase your lung capacity, strengthen your heart so that it pumps clear, rich blood through your veins with renewed energy, and fill you with a new thrill that comes only with perfect circulation and proper functioning of the entire body.

The TITUS SYSTEM has accomplished all of this for thousands. You can see the pictures of many of them and read exact copies of their letters in my big FREE book, "Building Better Bodies." Regardless of your present condition, size, age and strength, the TITUS Home Corresponding Course is so complete and the TITUS Progressive and Automatic Exerciser is so flexible that they will meet your exact condition and needs.

### Two or Three Times More Muscular Development in One-Half the Usual Time

Old-fashioned, time-worn methods must go! Realizing this, I broke away from the crowd and perfected a System that cuts your exercising time in half. By using the TITUS PROGRESSIVE and AUTOMATIC EXERCISER, you exercise **both** sides of your body **at the same time**—the same muscles on each side of your body the same number of times. This not only cuts your exercising time in half, but it positively prevents a lop-sided development and actually makes you stronger and far more symmetrically developed than when you work each side of your body separately.

### Only One Way to Get This Marvelous Apparatus

Money will not buy the TITUS PROGRESSIVE and AUTOMATIC EXERCISER. But you can get it FREE with my incomparable Course. The cost of my Course and Apparatus is less than most physical culture courses, **some of which include no apparatus at all.**

And remember, that the TITUS SYSTEM and APPARATUS are complete. There are no extras to buy—not another cent to spend for anything. With this ingenious outfit that has been approved and endorsed by leading strong men, athletes, coaches and instructors, you can perform every exercise that you can in a completely equipped gymnasium.

### A Practical Gymnasium FREE—It's Yours to Keep!

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# Prof. HENRY W. TITUS

105 East 13th St., Dept. 249, New York City

There were many calls for my services. First I entered the motion picture game at Sydney, doing daredevil stunts; then switched to vaudeville, posing so as to display my muscular development and performing acrobatic and balancing feats.

It was in 1921, after I had done my stunt on the edge of the cliff at The Gap that I came to America, where I have been ever since. Most of my time has been occupied with my vaudeville act, which has taken me all over this country. No doubt some of you who visited Coney Island last summer will recollect seeing me perform some of my hand balancing stunts upon the roof of the Bernarr Macfadden Physical Culture Bureau on the board walk.

However, before terminating this little tale, I want to say a few words concerning my mother. She still is an ardent physical culturist. In fact, she has been ever since the day when we embraced the (to us) new health religion.

She now is sixty-three, and a "marvel" for her age. She does her exercises daily. She skips about like the youngest of us. She has almost forgotten that, up to eleven years ago, she possessed neither good health nor robust strength.

Our hats are off to physical culture!

# Canoeing As a Muscle Developer

(*Continued from page 24*)

Canada, I used a canoe wherever possible. At twenty-two I made a two hundred-mile canoe trip to the silver region in northern Ontario, and the following year I paddled one hundred and fifty miles to the Porcupine gold district. After that I made some coast trips, followed the Black, Moose and Abittibi Rivers and explored James Bay. When I was twenty-five I put across a really remarkable trip, 1,800 miles through Hudson Bay to look over the iron deposits, finally reaching Fort Churchill. Naturally, as my labors carried me into the wilds, there were frequent occasions when I was compelled to make long detours and crossovers by land from one waterway to another, and these made it necessary for me to transport my canoe, outfit and supplies upon my back and shoulders.

"And that assumption of the duties of a pack mule—known in the parlance of the canoeist as 'portageing'—surely requires grit and muscle. My legs resemble the knotted limbs of trees from toting freight overland.

"It was while in Europe, where I served three and one-half years as a flyer with the British forces that I first got the idea of making a canoe trip through the waterways over there some day. Later, when in Paris, I laid out a tentative route from Dover, England, to Calais, France, then along the Channel Coast to the Seine, which could be followed to its headwaters. From there, I decided, a change could be made to one of the tributaries of the Rhone River, and thence to the Mediterranean Sea; along the coast to the Gulf of Genoa, up the Arno River and down the Tiber to Rome.

"I filed that plan for future reference, for I realized it was a part of the working out of my long-cherished dream, the adventure for which I had been building brawn and muscle—to make the longest trip in an open canoe ever accomplished by a white man.

"But it was not until early last year that I felt that conditions with me were such that I could put my plan into operation. Then, one night while talking with several Canadian sportsmen, I mentioned that I had been neglecting my muscles a bit and believed that a 3,000-mile trip in a canoe, a journey which would terminate in Europe, would put them in the best possible condition again.

"At first my hearers laughed, but learning that I was in earnest, listened to the details of my scheme. The route I outlined was from Sydney along the Atlantic Coast to New York, then by steamship to England, and after that the line I had mapped when in Paris.

"Most of them stated bluntly that they didn't believe I could make good, but some of them promptly volunteered to post an award of $1,000 which would be mine if I went through alone and would go a long way toward meeting my expenses. I accepted their offer on the spot, and it was agreed that I was to use a fifteen-foot, open cedar and canvas canoe. The one I selected weighed fifty-five pounds, and I decided to carry one hundred and sixteen pounds of clothing and supplies which, added to my weight, made a total of three hundred pounds I was to push through the water.

"Much previous experience enabled me quickly to choose an outfit which would meet every requirement, but I was most particular in selecting my apparel, for while it had to afford me sufficient protection against harsh winds, rain and salt spray, at the same time it must be light enough not to interfere with the free play of my body. Here is what I am carrying with me:

"Clothing—khaki duck trousers of moderate weight and fairly loose fitting, khaki army shirt, heavy woolen sweater with sleeves, an overall garment known as a 'submarine chaser,' consisting of a combined jacket and pants of windproof fabric, oil tanned shoes for paddling and a heavier pair with thicker soles for hiking and portage work, eight pairs of heavy gray socks of the homespun type, light cotton underwear without buttons, and a felt hat with a wide brim.

"For sleeping in the open, which I was obliged to do most nights—a 'flea bag,' weighing twenty-five pounds, sheep-skin lined, with leather facings and waterproof envelope. Such a bag can be laid upon the ground anywhere with absolute certainty that it will absorb no moisture.

"Cooking outfit—a battery of three pots and a frying pan, cup, saucer, plate, knives, forks and spoons, the whole telescoping into the largest vessel. All utensils were of aluminum. I also carry an axe for cutting firewood, a thermos bottle, a flashlight and compass, maps and charts.

"Food supplies—oatmeal, rice, bacon, ham, split peas, soup cubes and dried fruits—apricots, apples and prunes.

"Looking back over the six weeks of paddling which I have just put behind me—and they included many days of labor and some setbacks—I am most impressed with my muscular and pulmonary improvement, although I was far from a weakling when I set out. By the end of my first month of paddling I found that I was able to keep going no less than sixty-four miles in a day of eighteen hours of continuous work, finishing with scarcely a tremor. That was a considerable improvement over by first week, when I could scarcely do twenty straight miles without feeling about all in. The change was simply the result of four weeks of healthy, hardy life in the open, plus correct eating, plenty of rest and no worries.

"And the happy condition was further enhanced as the trip continued, and today I am in the best physical form of my whole life.

"Before saying good-bye, I desire to voice a few practical suggestions, based upon a paddling experience of more than twenty-three years, for the benefit of those readers of Muscle Builder who would add canoeing to their athletic programs, either as a pastime or to encourage greater muscular power and better health. However, even if you learn to paddle with no more material thought than that it 'will be good fun,' your physical well being simply cannot help but profit. For, you've got to do your canoeing in the open air and it is a strenuous exercise. Hence, you will take in the 100 per cent of oxygen which you should, thereby properly feeding your heart and lungs, the two most important portions of your human machinery.

"Practically none, except those who have arrived at the period of advanced years, are too old to learn to paddle. But to obtain a skill which will produce outstanding results, canoeing, like swimming, should be mastered in youth.

"And, as one who, thanks principally to canoeing, never has known a sick day, I would advise every father to see to it that his son learns to paddle, for by so doing he is investing in a health insurance for the lad which will pay big dividends later on.

"My first and most important mandate is, learn to swim—on top and under the water, with and without clothing and, if possible, in both fresh and salt water. You have no business in a canoe unless you are a first-class swimmer. To disregard that warning is as dangerous as looking down the barrel of a gun to learn if it is loaded. For of all craft, the canoe is the most treacherous, and manned by an amateur who cannot swim is positively deadly.

"The most wonderful canoeists in the world, the absolute masters of the art of paddling, are the Ojibway Indians of the North Canadian wilds. That fact was im-

# ARE YOU A REAL HE-MAN

## Or Just A Frail, Weak, Shapeless, Unmasculine Human?

Look yourself over physically and see where you stand. No one really respects a weakling in man's attire, but every one does respect and like a strong, husky and masculine-appearing male. I don't see how you can even have true self-respect unless you possess the strength, muscular development and energy that go to make a real man.

CHARLES MacMAHON

## You Can Be A Strong, Magnetic Person,

the kind that every one, both male and female, will look up to and want to be personally acquainted with. You can stand out among men, even where men are men. You can have great strength, a beautifully-developed body, abundant pep, and a personality and appearance that will command respect of all.

So why don't you get started with me immediately. It doesn't matter how many systems you have tried nor how faithfully you have pursued them without satisfactory results. My methods will show you the sure way to a shapely, strong, energetic body, which brings with it that strong, healthy appearance that attracts every one.

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You will find it full of beautiful pictures of many of my pupils who have followed My Methods. You will also find in it much interesting and instructive reading matter. There are full-page half-tones of my own physique, which will also encourage you and increase your desire to become a man among men.

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pressed upon me when I was given my first lesson with the single blade, and from the outset I strove to learn the Ojibway stroke.

"It is performed kneeling in the bottom of the canoe with the hindquarters of the canoeist braced against the thwart. A slight list of the craft to leeward is advantageous, lending a higher freeboard on the weather side. The operation of the stroke is as follows: The right hand grasps the paddle shaft at the root of the blade, while the left is curved firmly over the top of the handle. Bending the body forward from the hips at the beginning of the stroke, the canoe is drawn forward through the water until the blade of the paddle is level with the paddler, when the body is straightened. The elbows should be but slightly bent, and the hands and arms should retain the same relative position throughout the stroke, which causes the labor of propulsion to be performed by rhythmic impulses of the trunk rather than by arm play alone. The natural tendency of the canoe to veer away from the paddling side is offset by a check effected by a twist of the paddle at the termination of the stroke. This checking action is in the nature of a pry outward with the blade, using the gunwale of the canoe as a fulcrum. It is on the completion of that pry that the body is ready for the next stroke.

"From the foregoing it will be readily apparent that practically the whole muscular system is brought into play in varying degrees. Those muscles which come in for most use are those of the abdomen and small of the back, next the shoulder muscles, then the triceps, biceps and wrists. I can attest fully the accuracy of that order, first by the sensation of reaction manifested by sundry aches and pains after my first few days en voyage and, second, by the physical development obtained. When all the muscles eventually settle down to harmonious co-operation, the work of paddling becomes practically mechanical and development goes on smoothly and unconsciously.

"The best method for developing the breathing apparatus is to inhale at the beginning of the paddle stroke and exhale at its termination. I hold my lungs, fully inflated, when the pressure upon my paddle is at its strongest, which occurs about the middle of the stroke. This serves to develop gradually all the air chambers and ducts of the lungs, and to bring into play areas which usually remain inactive in the average individual."

# How to Have a Chest to Be Proud Of

(*Continued from page* 11)

narrow rib box cannot expect to acquire the depth and size of the chest of his wide rib boxed competitor. Nevertheless, deep breathing can change the shape of his rib considerably. Inhale through the nose always, and always exhale through the mouth, when performing breathing exercises.

The lifting of a weight while lying on your back on the floor also benefits the pectoral muscles. Chinning the bar also brings into play the pectoral muscles to some extent, but not as strongly as dipping.

Natural deep breathing will enlarge anyone's chest several inches in a remarkably short space of time. Yet you will find that nine people out of ten are actually too lazy to inhale to the fullest extent. In fact, the deepest inhalation of most cigarette smokers is when they inhale the poisonous smoke of cigarettes. If the reader will try and form the habit of taking at least fifty deep, long breaths every day, he will be amply paid for these efforts, not only in the increased size of the chest, but in the better supply of blood and increased vitality that he will gain.

Continual deep inhalations expand the rib box, for every rib is joined together by cartilages, and these expand or contract with each inhalation. The sternum or breast bone also consists of cartilages, and this expands in unison.

In conjunction with the deep breathing, if you will apply systematic exercising to the pectoral muscles, which cover the upper chest, you can add another couple of inches to the size of your chest. If you will also apply systematic exercising to the latissimus dorsi muscles of the back, you will add many more inches to the size of your chest.

After reading this, how can anyone remain satisfied with a chest that is undersized, and not up to the standard? With a deep, full chest, you won't have to depend upon the tailor to give you an athletic appearance. And you will also find that the increased blood supply in circulation, and the greater supply of oxygen, will give you the vitality and energy that only a well-trained athlete knows.

The pectoral muscles can be developed by numerous methods, but, after all, it is all based on one principle, that is, of cramping the muscles together, or contracting them. The student should give more attention to the muscles of the back than the pectoral muscles, for too much pectoral muscle has a tendency to bring the shoulders forward and gives you a round-shouldered appearance. However, if the deltoid and back muscles are exercised in conjunction with the pectorals, no one need fear becoming round-shouldered.

A deep, full, well developed chest is always admired, and looks especially well under a top light when being photographed. Then, again, a good chest gives the owner a fine appearance when bathing, especially when the sun is overhead, and deep shadows are cast under the pectoral muscles.

The big-boned man naturally has the advantage again over his small-boned neighbor. For the small-framed individual cannot and must not expect as broad a chest as one who possesses a wide, bony structure, and who has exceptionally wide shoulders. However, the small-boned athlete can develop a chest that he can be proud of, for he can increase his pectoral

# What is a Bar-Bell?

A BAR-BELL is simply a long-handled dumb-bell. It has many advantages over a pair of dumb-bells. For instance, it is far easier to handle a 50-lb. bar-bell than two 25-lb. dumb-bells. Again, with a bar-bell you can do certain back and leg exercises where it would be awkward to handle a pair of dumb-bells. The bar-bell became

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when the adjustable feature was added—for then it became possible to employ the progressive method of exercise which has proven to be the only way in which a man of below-average physique can gradually but steadily improve : is build, his muscular development, and his stock of organic vitality until he becomes a physical superman—the very pattern of health, strength, and manly beauty.

## Look at These Pictures

and you will get a good idea of the kind of physical development which results from the use of bar-bells. Most of our bar-bell users succeed in getting 42-inch chests, 15-inch upper-arms, 23-inch thighs, and other measurements in proportion, and a large percentage of our pupils do even better than that. It is not an unusual thing for us to take a man of average physique, and by a few months' training give him a 45-inch chest; a 16½-inch upper-arm; a 24-inch thigh; increase his bodily weight by anywhere from 20 to 50 lbs.; and give him a physique which is a combination of the Hercules and Apollo types. (The pictures will also give you a good idea of the different size combinations bar-bells we manufacture, and show you the iron plates which fit inside the spheres, and which are used to graduate the weight of the apparatus.)

## By Using a Bar-Bell YOU Can Become a Physical Superman

With every bar-bell we sell, we give courses of training to suit the individual purchaser. Our pupils vary in age from fourteen years to as old as sixty-four. We have seen slender young pupils gain as much as twenty pounds in weight, and six inches in chest measurement in the first six weeks they were under our training. We have taken aged, middle-aged parties and shown them how to regain the fine proportions, the elasticity and the vigor of athletic youth. We get orders from hundreds of business men and office workers, and we show them how it is possible to get the greatest possible results in the shortest possible time. (Possibly forty per cent. of our patrons are indoor men.) One of our greatest delights is taking husky farmers, outdoor workers, and gymnasium devotees, and show them what real strength and development is like. Every case is individual with us and we have handled so many different kinds of health-seekers, shape-seekers, and strength-seekers that it is hardly possible your case would present any new problems for us.

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With us it is not a case of giving you so many "lessons" and then forgetting you. You are our pupil as long as you own the bar-bell you buy from us. You may be in such condition that we can give you the kind of development work that makes you gain at a rate so rapid that you will be amazed. Or it is possible that you are in such a run-down or absolutely undeveloped state that we will have to start you with the bell adjusted to very moderate weights, put you on a mild progressive schedule, and coax your body to its proper proportions, and teach you how to accumulate a stock of reserve vigor and health. All of which is part of our job, and what you pay us for. All our goods are sold on the same understanding. If within ninety days after enrolling you are not satisfied with the results, you can return your bell and have your money refunded. For years we have kept a careful record and find that the proportion of returns is 1-3 of 1 per cent. In other words, we satisfy 299 out of every 300 customers. (We never expect to be perfect.)

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Every outfit we make is a combination affair, which can be used as a bar-bell, a dumb-bell, or as a pair of kettle-bells. Every part of each outfit is adjustable in weight. Some types have hollow spheres which can be loaded with iron plates of assorted sizes. Other types have no covering spheres, but consist just of an assemblage of iron plates and the different handle bars. We make bar-bells of Different Styles—Different Sizes—Different Prices, but every outfit we make can be adjusted to such a moderate weight that it can be easily handled by the weakest and smallest man, and yet can be almost instantly adjusted to a weight that would tax the strength of Samson.

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The A. C. W. L. A., in connection with the Milo Bar-Bell Co., is staging two weight lifting and physical culture shows in July, one in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, July 11th, at 2745 N. Palethorp St. The other will be held in Jersey City, on Saturday evening, July 18th, at The Odd Fellows Hall, Bergen Square, Jersey City, N. J. On August 1st, another of these highly interesting shows will be staged in Philadelphia, at the Palethorp Street address.

All performances will commence at 8 o'clock sharp, daylight saving time. The admission fee is 50 cents, but A. C. W. L. A. members will be admitted free. There will be a treat in store for all physical culturists at each of these shows. The evenings' performances will be made up of lifting competitions, wrestling, tumbling and posing.

The promoters have gone to great expense in getting together the talent, especially to bring that great lifter, O. Marineau, all the way from Canada, to perform his incredible feats of strength. All lifting will be genuine, and we can promise records will be broken as they have been at the past exhibitions in Philadelphia.

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muscles to a thickness of several inches, and then undoubtedly have more depth to his chest than his broad-boned competitor.

There is another set of very pleasant-looking muscles of the chest called the serratus magnus, which consists of nine fleshy digitations, of which only five can be seen. These muscles are located on each side of the rib box and have the appearance of ribs to the general public who do not know anatomy. These muscles look especially well on a well-trained athlete, and are developed chiefly by pushing overhead.

To find the true lung expansion the measurement should be taken at the ninth rib. Then the student will find, much to his surprise, that he will not be able to expand more than one to three inches, depending upon the size of his rib box. The rib box must be taken into consideration in estimating chest development. Some people are fortunate in possessing ribs that are wide appearing in the front, while others have a frame-work that shows the ribs almost parallel with each other.

A person whose ribs are far apart generally has more endurance, more reserve energy and greater lung capacity than the person whose ribs are narrow. However, everyone's rib box can be enlarged, as I have stated. If you are not among the fortunate ones, there is no reason why you should not improve yourself to your limit and become stronger, more energetic and better developed than the average calisthenic student.

The muscles that contribute to the girth of the chest, as mentioned before, are the latissimus dorsi muscles of the back. For when this muscle is contracted, the chest measurement can be increased a great many inches. Nevertheless, attention should be paid to the pectoral muscles, which cover the upper part of the chest, as well-rounded and thick pectorals are rare even in splendidly developed athletes. Every devotee to physical culture has well-developed pectoral muscles, but very few have all the contour and thickness that can be obtained by scientifically applied exercise to these muscles.

A great many people have the erroneous idea that the pectoral muscles constitute the major girth of the chest. This is a mistake. Thick pectorals, however, will increase the size of the chest a couple of inches. But the principal point in their development is to obtain the maximum strength and co-ordination in your development, and at the same time attain a striking appearance, characterized by the splendid contour of perfect pectoral development. Thick pectorals will add greatly to the height of your chest, and strong pectorals will come in very handy in the performance of feats of strength.

The well-known push-up exercise from the floor, sometimes called the "floor dip" will bring out the pectorals to a splendid degree, as will dipping on the parallel bars, or between chairs. These exercises are about the best to be had for this purpose. Yet additional resistance must be applied as the student progresses, and eventually, as his muscles become stronger and stronger, the numbers of repetitions will increase, until eventually he will be compelled to perform one hundred or more repetitions in order to tire the muscles used.

The pectorals should be tired within twenty-five counts, if possible. If further repetitions are called into play, the exercise becomes too light and considerable energy is lost. The push-up from the floor will not affect the pectoral muscles as directly as will dipping on parallel bars, owing to the fact that in this exercise the body is lowered further down between parallel bars than in the case of pushing up from the floor.

If the student prefers floor dipping, I suggest that he elevate his feet on a chair or stool, and that he perform his dipping between two low boxes or stools so as to enable his chest to be lowered as far downward as possible, until he feels a great strain placed upon the pectoral muscles. In performing push-ups, whether it be on the floor, or between chairs, you cannot develop the pectoral muscles without developing the triceps and abdominal muscles as well, for all these groups are brought into play.

If the student wants to put direct application on the pectoral muscles, he can do it by clasping the hands in front of the chest and while resisting, pushing one hand as far as possible to the right, then pushing the other hand upon the return count as far as possible to the left, continuing this until both pectorals begin to ache.

I would not advise the student, however, to adhere strictly to this exercise, unless he is exceedingly deficient in pectoral development. For, as previously stated, when the muscles are exercised in groups, much better results can be obtained, as far as strength and co-ordination are concerned. When the student can perform more than twenty-five repetitions in a floor dip, or when dipping between chairs or bars, he should use some method of adding resistance. When exercising between the bars, he should utilize an adjustable weight tied to his feet. When the exercise is performed on the floor, he should use some elastic resistance, pulling against his body.

Having an adjustable weight with the loop arrangement, so as to loop it over the foot when dipping between the parallel bars, will compel you to lessen the repetitions and enable you to obtain all the strain you want, depending, of course, upon the amount of weight used.

The athlete ambitious can very easily secure elastic cables and manufacture a crude home-made harness to fit over his head or around the back of his neck, and with the cables attached to two screws on the floor, he can perform the push-up from the floor or between boxes, with the feet elevated on a chair, and thereby obtain much better results than if he performed the movement without any artificial resistance.

Of course, the use of a weight or elastic cables is not absolutely essential, as far as development is concerned, for the student will eventually obtain almost as good results by lifting the mere weight of his own body. However, it will take him much longer to reach his maximum development.

Although I am an enthusiastic advocate of heavy work in physical culture, nevertheless, I am a firm believer in doing light exercises in conjunction with the heavy work, for if anyone does heavy work exclusively, he will eventually become slow in movement.

You should not perform light work, however, until you have first finished your drill with the heavy work, because light endurance work will consume your energy, and prevent you from the continuance of muscle-building exercise. You have just so much energy to expend at each drill, and no more. Therefore, it is better to perform such work some other part of the day or evening, during your period of relaxation.

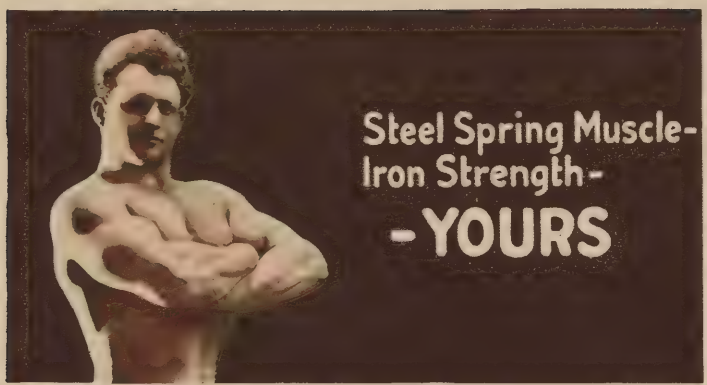
I suggest also that the student adopt handball, swimming, skating, tennis and similar competitive sports, in order to develop speed and endurance. Such pastimes, not being muscle-building work, will not develop you to any extent, so do not depend wholly upon these sports for benefiting your muscular system. They are of more benefit to your internal organs and lungs than anything else.

The student might also perform floor dipping without any artificial resistance, as a limbering-up exercise, to precede his muscle-building drill. In that case he would do well to continue the repetitions until the muscles begin to ache, whether these counts total twenty-five or one hundred and twenty-five, for this exercise, even though a strenuous one for the beginners, is really a very light one for the advanced pupil. Those who have not as yet reached their maximum degree of strength and development, will realize this as they progress. However, as stated for development, the student must arrange this floor-dipping exercise progressively and tire the muscles before the twenty-fifth count, otherwise it becomes a warming-up movement.

It was only a few years ago that a thin, sickly, flat-chested young man called on me. I examined him. He stood before me, and I carefully noticed his numerous defects. He had a narrow rib box, a rather deep hollow in the center of his chest. His back protruded from his round shoulders in a way that had the same curve been in front of him he would have had a very high chest development. If I recall rightly, his chest measured normal about thirty-two inches. The other parts of his body were in no better proportion. He weighed about 115 pounds and was of average height.

For the next three months, all I had him do was systematic deep breathing . . . nothing else. No exercise in any form, except walking. After that I slowly progressed him with scientific exercises. Before one year was up, this chap had an all-around development and a chest that was his most prominent feature. He told me his friends called him "Chesty". This man continued progressive exercising and deep breathing, and after three years, has become one of the finest developed athletes America has ever produced.

His arms and shoulders and chest reached massive dimensions in spite of his small rib box. His legs have rounded out into wonderful proportions, while his strength has become more than six times greater than it was the day I first met him. The name of this young man is Arthur L. Hyson, now a prominent physical director. I am simply quoting this as an example, to show what anyone can do if he so desires.

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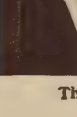

Andrea Pisano—great Italian sculptor of the world's strong men in a group—now in the Louvre Museum of Physical Culture. It is him he was patronized as Breitbart's method—and how it surpasses previous methods.

Never before has such news been released in the world of physical training!

I have known of Breitbart for years. But I never before realized what a superb physical specimen he is. His feats of strength are astounding—unequalled! He drives nails through oak planks with his fists. He bends silver dollars between thumb and finger. He sustains more weight or lifts more than any living man. He bends steel bands around his arm like so much ribbon. And *as a young man he was a puny weakling.* For years Breitbart has kept his method secret. "Anyone who knows my method can do what I can," he says. But now he wants the world of men, hungry for strength, to know. He has made his fortune and he is satisfied. So now, gladly, he has divulged his secret—he makes known the simplest strength-building method ever devised. Yet it is the most positive, quickest and successful of all known systems.

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I have been a student of physical culture for years. I know the methods of every physical culture expert of any prominence in the country. They are all much alike. But here is a different, better method. Here is a system of strength and muscle building unlike anything I have ever seen. It has enabled Breitbart to become a superman. It has put inches on my own muscle. It has built rugged strength and power into even slightly built fellows who never had an idea they could become "strong men." There is no one so puny or weak whom Breitbart cannot help.

### *Breitbart Offers You Strength!*

Are you one of those puny, undersized, white livered fellows who is satisfied to live a second-rate existence—or are you red-blooded and full of pep and vitality? Are you satisfied with scrawny, "baby" arms and legs—or do you want muscle, strength and power? If you have a man's heart in you, are you satisfied with your physique?

Then wake up, come to life and get what Breitbart offers you!

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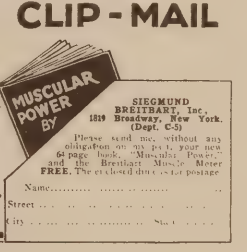


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# Want to Put on the Gloves?

(*Continued from page 20*)

the jab nature and seldom sufficiently hard to hurt you seriously. But ducking is used as an evasion of round blows, swings and hooks—and some of these mean knockouts or serious injury if they land.

Ducking is not merely a movement of the head, but of the body and hips also. At the same time you lower your head you must bend your waist and knees *a little*. It is dangerous, as well as amateurish, to bend directly forward toward your antagonist. Go a little to one side; the side which takes you *outside* the coming blow.

Like the side-step, the duck must be done neatly or it will look very crude. And, what is more important, to make a clumsy duck is dangerous, because it lays you liable to an uppercut, always a terribly jarring blow, but especially so when you duck into it. Practice slowly and do not attempt to counter in this lesson. Be satisfied to work on the duck alone for a while, endeavoring to get the knack of bobbing just low enough to escape danger and snapping back ready for business, cool and serene.

This element of serenity and clear-headedness, even under stress, is important. If you are naturally phlegmatic, fine. If not, you simply must train yourself not to get "rattled." Nothing in boxing—unless it be the pivot blow, which in these days is a foul—will have a greater tendency to rattle you than poor ducking. If you drop too low or receive a punch as you go down, you are likely to lose your balance and get into more trouble than you would have had you been standing upright. Of course, the less distance you drop the better your bodily control. The secret of the movement's success from every viewpoint is accurate timing and judgment of distance.

Some instructors permit their pupils to duck straight blows, but I do not approve of it. There is always a *little* more risk in the downward evasion than in stepping or head-slipping to the side. As I have explained, the importance of ducking is its legitimate use in the evasion of hooks and swings, but the wise and experienced ringman never ducks needlessly. As a matter of fact, when you duck a straight lead, you are not only expending more energy than is necessary, but you actually are in a less favorable position for the next immediate movements of your opponent. When he swings or hooks, the impetus, if he misses, carries him on in more or less of a twist, and his confusion usually is greater than yours from the ducking. But in straight hitting, unless the blow is very forceful, the striker does not lose much of his balance and position.

In practicing the duck, the boxer who is striking—A we will say—must act just as if he did not know B's intention to duck. What I mean is he must not be tricky and so place his blow as to catch B's head when he finishes the duck. Practice the swings a while, then the hooks, and see that you both get the same amount of work on each end of the performance.

Another point to remember is that B must not form the habit of betraying his intention to duck. And A should help him by pointing out any little action on B's part which has this effect. It is far better to depend on guarding than to duck clumsily or "telegraph" your intention and run into one of those free tickets to slumberland we have called uppercuts.

Now let's discuss those forms of defense known as blocking and countering.

In a previous article I gave you some hints concerning parrying and we took up a few examples. Blocking is often called parrying, but there really is considerable difference. In a parry you defect the blow. You do not stop it, but interpose your arm in such a manner as to change the punch's direction sufficiently to cause it to miss its mark. When you block a blow you stop it—that is practically—catching it in your open glove, on your forearm, elbow, upper arm or shoulder.

You will recall that I have told you to guard your stomach against your opponent's righthand punch by covering it with your left elbow. That is a fine example of blocking. The blow is not deflected, yet it is stopped in a manner which hurts the striker as much as—possibly more so—than it does the defender.

Many times you can block when you would not have sufficient time to parry. Another point of inferiority in the parry is that it misses more often. You can see readily that if you attempt to fend off a blow and miss connections, you not only receive the "wallop" but are in poor position to defend yourself from a second one or to deliver any sort of a counter. When you have missed out on a few parries you will realize just how confusing such lapses are.

The real secret of artistic and successful blocking is in the knowledge of where to meet the blow. Your stopping glove must not be so near your face as to be knocked back to you, and it must not go out too far as it might miss the catch, thereby leaving you more or less "open."

Let A lead a few straight punches for B's face. B must stop the blows with his glove six or eight inches from his (own) face, and with arm set firmly enough to prevent his hand from giving much. Let the give come in the shoulder, that is, let your body go back some from your hand as the contact comes. This, as practice will show you, is quite different from extending your glove in an *attempt* to meet the punch. You will be astonished at the ease with which even very hard blows can be blocked in this way, and it is one of the prettiest things to be seen in boxing.

Blocking against body blows is done mostly with the forearms and elbows, in this case holding the blocking arm snugly against the body. Practice a lot on blocking uppercuts to the chin. Stop a right uppercut with your right palm—sufficiently far from the face, remember—and block a left uppercut with your right wrist or forearm. Personally, I prefer to stop the right uppercut by advancing my own right glove and jarring it against my opponent's right upper arm just above the elbow. However, I realize this is a bit difficult for the beginner, and it also has the fault of leaving the defender open for a left hook to the head unless he is lightning-fast in his recovery.

With the knowledge you now have concerning parrying, blocking and evasion by footwork and head slipping, you can begin to use counters. Some instructors teach countering by illustrating a return blow every time they introduce a new punch. But I believe it better to explain defensive tactics and make them swift and sure before dividing a pupil's attention with thoughts of countering.

Permit me to state again that evasion, making your opponent miss you enirely, is the best of all defensive measures. If you have planned on a counter, you will be better able to deliver it if your balance has not been disturbed by any kind of guarding that necessitates contact with your antagonist. You must, however, untilize all the defensive tactics, not only for variety and to puzzle your opponent, but because no one method will meet every emergency.

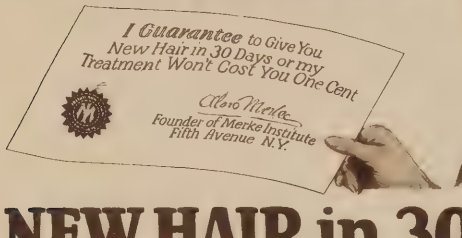
The best known of all counter blows is the "right cross," and by studying it you will get the general idea underlying all counters. A leads a straight left at the face. B snaps his head to the left (his own left), at the same time bringing his right shoulder forward and sending his right fist to A's jaw. A's fist has gone over B's right shoulder and B's right arm has *crossed* A's left, outside and above. B does not alter the position of his feet, but does swing his body a little forward. B must keep his left hand not far from his chin for fear, if A is not jarred considerably by the counter, he (A) might send in an uppercut with his right as B leans forward. All this description may sound a trifle vague, but you will grasp it very readily when the two of you "square off" for practice.

Another very popular counter is the left hook when you side-step a straight left. This time you move your head to the right, performing the side-step as you were taught in a preceding lesson. Make the step about as much forward as sidewise, and as your opponent's glove goes by you, hook your own left at his chin. Recover your position of "on guard" just as snappily as you can, especially if the rules you are boxing under permit back-hand blows, for the other fellow may try one of these with his left as he attempts to turn and face you.

To the fellow who really will study the scientific phases of the manly art, the possibilities in countering are almost numberless. If you are clever at blocking with the elbows—or rather the outside of your bent arm as it rests against your body, you can use this style of block frequently, and as your opponent's right fist strikes your bent (left) arm over your stomach, you can shoot your right to his face. If he habitually guards high with his left as he sends his right to your stomach, then counter to his wind instead of aiming at his face.

A favorite counter with many professionals is the left uppercut, used against a

# *Men!* Here's a Contract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By ALOIS MERKE

***Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York***

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boxer who employs the left hook a great deal. My scheme is to get "inside" the hook, making no attempt to parry or block it, but letting it go *around* me. Just as I step in close I bring my left glove, forearm almost vertical, up to the chin. Usually before the other fellow can get his left arm "untangled" and back on defense I can slam him over the heart with my right and get away clean as he staggers backward.

There is less opportunity for his use of his right hand during these movements of mine than you might suppose. His position, with his left arm high and around my neck is not very favorable, and my left upper arm is somewhat in his way, guarding my body almost as a block, while my forearm is traveling upward. My left shoulder, being somewhat raised as a consequence of the "lift" I am putting into the uppercut, makes it hard for him to land on my jaw, especially as his right arm and shoulder are lowered because of his tilted-up left shoulder. Go through this blow and counter slowly, and you will grasp readily every point I have mentioned.

Now you must realize that under fighting conditions, as distinguished from those obtaining in practice, you will be the recipient of many counters, for there always is a receiving as well as a delivery end. You must school yourself against surprise. Not only keep in mind the possibility of a return blow when you lead, but be determined not to let it rattle you if it lands. Half the effectiveness of a counter lies in its surprise, and if you can make yourself proof against that element it will prove of wonderful help to you.

No matter where the punch comes from —how hard it lands—keep your head. And never resort to wild, aimless swinging and slugging. In the Fitzsimmons-Corbett contest years ago, the latter countered with a skill and speed which those who saw the battle pronounced simply dazzling. Had it not been for a determination to permit nothing to discourage him, Fitzsimmons could not have lasted up to the time when Corbett's strength began to fail.

Next month we'll take up various combinations of blows, and discuss feinting and drawing.

# You Should Feel the Muscles in Frisch's Legs

(*Continued from page* 13)

had performed it, satisfactorily. His only anxiety then was to shed his perspiration soaked garments and get under the shower.

But how did he do it? How did he manage to perform, without the slightest injury, a feat which, had it been attempted by any one of those thirty thousand onlookers, an ambulance would have been summoned?

The answer is easy. He possessed the necessary muscles—muscles which from boyhood had been trained to withstand severe punishment, to hold up under base sliding and other "neck breaking" feats.

When Frisch started from third base with the darting step of a ten-second man, his muscles were free-moving and supple, lending themselves to speed. But the instant he set himself for his leap and slide, the second his feet left the ground, he tensed the muscles throughout his body. When he struck the earth they were as firm and hard as though formed of twisted rawhide rope. The shock made no more impression upon him than if he had been made of hard rubber. And his muscles still were almost "rock solid" as he slid across the plate. Then he relaxed, jumped to his feet and was off with the easy swing of an untired runner over a long course.

For the purpose of gaining some authoritative and first-hand information concerning base sliding—the most spectacular feature of present-day baseball—and the training of the muscles which makes this play possible with comparatively few injuries to the players, the writer sought out Hank Gowdy, one of the oldest big league catchers, in point of service, and this season one of the two standbys of McGraw's backstop forces.

"Undoubtedly," began Gowdy, "of all the men on the playing field the catcher is in the best position to make close study of base running—including its most important feature, base sliding—because all the players, the diamond, everything, is before him. Also, his duty compels him to watch carefully. When runners are on the bases his vigilance must be redoubled, for upon him, as upon no other performer, rests the task of holding them in check; keeping daring stealers and sliders from reaching their objectives.

"Concerning this question of the kind of muscles necessary to make a player a first-class slider, I believe I can speak with some authority. It was seventeen years ago that I first became a professional ball player. I have performed at first base, but backstop work is my specialty. I came into the big game as an all-round, well-trained athlete as well as a ball player. By that I mean one who, from small boyhood on, had dieted persistently, exercised regularly and abstained from tobacco and alcoholic beverages. And from the day I first donned a uniform as a professional to the present time, I have made a continuous study of ball players, and the things they were able to accomplish as long as they kept their muscles in condition to meet the ever-shifting demands of the greatest of all games.

"It is a positive fact that the ball players' muscles are different from those of all other classes of athletes. They have to be, for no performer can specialize in only one particular line. And I believe the ball players' muscles are the finest in the world, for they enable their possessors to be fleet and active one minute, and the next able to withstand strain and punishment

which would put most other athletes in the hospital.

"And remember another thing. The muscles of the men who perform on the diamond—though exercised and built up over a long period—never are permitted to develop like those of the strong man, the wrestler or the fighter. They are never allowed to become 'bulging.' Even the muscles of the most robust appearing players, when at rest, show no more than those of the average man who takes good care of himself, because the ball player does not dare develop his muscles so they will bulge, for that would kill his speed. And the period of usefulness for the big time performer who becomes slow on his feet is painfully brief.

"However, don't construe any statement I have made as meaning that the muscles of ball players are 'soft.' The reverse is the case. The muscles are there, no matter how little they show. When the ball player sets himself at the plate to put every ounce of his energy into his blow, when he straddles a base to catch a ball and meet the shock of a runner who may collide with him at full tilt, when he hurtles himself through the air and slides into a base, he can tense his muscles so that, for the time being, they are as tough and unyielding as so many rolls of leather.

"No one admires a strong man more than I. I love to see the muscles play up and down his arms and legs as he moves about. It gives me a thrill to see him bend his great frame, grasp some mighty weight and lift it over his head. But I don't believe there is a strong man in the world who could start at his best speed over a ninety-foot course, hurl himself crashing to the earth and slide thirty feet without putting himself temporarily out of commission.

"And I might go on through the entire list of athletic classes and make the same statement. Perhaps the football player would come nearest to doing this and escape with little damage to himself. But remember how the gridiron performer is padded when he takes to the field.

"Honestly, there isn't a sport which requires a man to do so many kinds of strenuous things, to possess muscles which will have to meet so many emergencies, as the game of baseball.

"Referring back to the matter of muscles which make but little display, take the case of Frank Frisch, the Giants' captain, who ranks among the big leagues' best for speed and as a base stealer and slider. He is not as tall as most men on the team and, in his street clothing, would be picked for the sterling athlete he is only by those with practiced eyes. In fact, to see him stripped, one would note muscles which would attract but passing attention. But take hold of them and you feel the great, strong, trained cords lying just beneath the skin. And, let them be tensed, and immediately they become so solid, so hard, that you simply cannot force your grip to 'bite' into them.

"And believe me, Frisch knows exactly how hard his muscles are—and all the punishment they will stand. He is one of the best and most venturesome base sliders in baseball.

"Ty Cobb, head of the Detroit team and long one of the pastime's outstanding all-round stars, has been the most spectacular base stealer the game has ever known. When he started for a base there never was any telling how he would go—head first, feet first, sideways, on one shoulder or doubled up into a sort of whirling bundle. But no matter how he struck or what he did, he possessed the kind of muscles which carried him through to safety so often that few of the fans can recollect the times he has injured himself. And he, too, in his slimmer days, gave little indication of his magnificent muscular possessions once he had exchanged his uniform for street clothing.

"Now why is it that ball players, in contrast to all other classes of athletes, have muscles capable of meeting such radically different requirements?

"It is because he begins training for his job almost from the moment he can toddle! Few others—wrestlers, strong men, boxers, distance swimmers, etc.—really begin their muscular preparation for the things in which they will specialize until they are pretty well grown; many not until they are well advanced in their schooling.

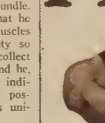
"Every American boy learns the game as soon as he is permitted to go about alone in the open. To him the desire to play with a bat and ball is almost instinct. Naturally, one of the first things he must do is run. At the outset he begins the cultivation of speed. Then, the small boy being the world's greatest imitator, he attempts to follow the example set by his elders. And, as base sliding is spectacular and intriguing, he tries to master the 'stunt' even before he can handle the bat and ball with any degree of proficiency.

"So you see, our youngster, no matter whether he afterward will become a professional ball player or not, gets a good training in speed and muscular resistance in the period when he is most supple and pliable, when he is the least liable to sustain injury. All le's got to do is to keep on with that kind of training and by the time he is a grown youth—provided he desires to enter baseball—he will be provided with the kind of "double action" muscles necessary for him to shine on the base paths. Some trainers argue that the very fact that a player continues to work for speed at the same time he is hardening himself prevents the growth of his muscles to the bulging point.

"For those who never have visited a big league training camp, it will be interesting to describe one of the methods used by which the base sliding muscles are put into condition. There are three pits, one for straight slides—head or feet first—and one each for the hook to the left and to the right side of the bag. Every rookie gets a long and thorough seasoning in these trenches, and you can be certain he is 'hard' from his neck to his heels when the team starts on the road.

"And don't imagine the veterans escape their share of the seasoning in the trenches each spring. Most of them rather welcome this rough work, for baseball is their livelihood. With them it isn't anything to put themselves into first-class condition before the bell rings for the season's opening. For, thoroughly fit, they will be able to assimilate such punishment as will come their way with comparatively little chance of injury. Whereas, if they are soft, they probably will get hurt, maybe seri-


# FREE



*to readers of Muscle Builder*

# 5 lessons in Boxing

**There are absolutely no strings tied to this offer. You don't have to buy anything. All that it will cost you is a two-cent stamp to mail the coupon.** Five Boxing lessons taken right out of our course, also a lesson in Wrestling, a lesson in Jiu-Jitsu, and a lesson in Physical Development, will be sent to you by return mail, postpaid.

We are taking this means of proving to you readers of Muscle Builder that WE CAN TEACH YOU BOXING, JIU-JITSU AND WRESTLING IN YOUR OWN HOMES.

There is only one thing that we ask of you—**practice the lessons faithfully** until you have mastered them. It only requires a few minutes a day, and the lessons are so simple a child can learn them.

The methods used in the Marshall Stillman Course are based on the principles developed by the "Father of scientific boxing"—famous Professor Mike Donovan, former instructor at the New York Athletic Club.

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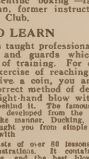
Marshall Stillman has taught professionals, in a few hours, blows and guards which ordinarily require weeks of training. For example, from the simple exercise of reaching your hand out as if to receive a coin, you are led step by step into the correct method of delivering a right-left or right-hand blow with the entire weight of the body behind it. The famous Mike Donovan Leverage Punch is developed from the breaststroke in swimming. In like manner, Ducking, Feinting, Footwork, etc., are taught you from simple movements everyone is familiar with.

The complete course consists of over 80 lessons, with over 700 photographic illustrations. It contains the greatest secrets of the ring, and the best blows and guards used by such wizards as Jack Dempsey, Jim Corbett, Stanley Ketchel, Bob Fitzsimmons, etc. You are given three rounds of Shadow Boxing, combining these famous blows and guards. Your instruction in wrestling includes the famous Gotch Toe Hold, the Stecher Scissors Hold, the Head-Lock, etc. The Jiu-Jitsu instructions will enable you to overcome an armed opponent, and to even cripple him, if need be.



The lessons which we will send you FREE are the most convincing proof we know of. If, after studying them, you wish to go on with the instructions, the entire course will cost you less than one or two lessons by a private instructor. We take all the risk—you don't even have to return the free lessons!

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Without any obligation on my part, please send me the free lessons of the Marshall Stillman Course in Boxing, Jiu-Jitsu and Wrestling, together with information regarding your complete course.

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ously. And these men, who earn good salaries principally through their muscular skill, are little inclined to do anything which might force them from their profession before the demands of advancing age make such a step necessary.

"Many of the veterans report to the training camps thirty or more pounds overweight, and let me tell you these do not depend upon baseball practice, volley, handball and running to pull off their surplus poundage. No, indeed. They go right into the sliding pits twice daily and in the customary thirty days of intensive training make themselves muscularly all to the good.

"Base sliding can be divided into four general classes: the straight slide for the bag, feet first; the straight slide, head first; the hook slide to the left and the hook to the right.

"The second is the most dangerous, for a runner is liable to crash head on into the man guarding the bag, or he may break his fingers, which he extends as far as possible, when they strike either the cushion or the legs of the opposing player. But many men adopt this slide because of the one or two feet advantage which the extended arm gives them.

"In making the hook slides, the players go into the bases feet first, catch one foot or the other into the bag and then swing round so that their bodies are thrown beyond the reach of the men trying to tag them out. If a runner is close pressed for time he will do even more than slide for the cushion—he will resort to the 'fall away.'

"This consists in throwing the entire body to one side or the other while the man still is in the air, and away from the baseman, of course. In doing this the runner receives the entire jar upon his side, and it is obvious how tough his muscles must be to withstand such a jolt.

"Under the rules, blocking is not supposed to be allowed, but it frequently is resorted to, both on the bases and at the home plate. And the skill of the slider is best shown when he can throw himself into the bag in such a manner as to avoid the block, with its possibilities of injury, and yet get his hand or foot against the cushion before being touched with the ball.

"Naturally the star base sliders do not stick to the most common forms of sliding. They learn these, thoroughly, then improve upon them until they are able to get into a bag a dozen or more different ways.

"The best plan for any player is to test himself until he is absolutely certain of his strength and powers of resistance. Then he should work out the sliding styles for which he finds himself best adapted and perfect them."

# The Real Life of the King of the Ring

(*Continued from page 9*)

entertain some doubts.

One day a horse car jumped the track in Washington Street, and a crowd of six or eight men unsuccessfully tried to put it back. Then a thickset youth emerged from the bystanders, calmly grasped hold of the balky car, and—but let him tell what followed, in his own inimitable way. "I astonished the crowd by lifting the damn thing back all by myself." It was thus gradually becoming evident that Johnny was not destined to adorn the cloth. As a matter of fact, he served as a plumber's apprentice, then as plumber's assistant. But just when his life work seemed to be definitely determined, he beat up a fellow laborer one day. Soon after that he was looking around for another job.

He turned first to the tinsmith's trade and labored at it for over a year; then another "disagreement" arose between him and a brother tinner who worked at the same bench. They argued about dogs, gamecocks, baseball, and in fact "anything and everything in sporting circles and a great many other things." Finally, when all verbal arguments were exhausted, the tinner offered to fight John to prove which one was wrong. "When I said, 'All right, come out into the yard,' he made a dive and skipped out before I knew what was up. If ever I wanted to lick any man in the world, he was that one; but he could sprint better than me, so I wasn't able to do it."

Baseball now claimed him for a time; he played principally at first base and in left field, "although I could play any position equally well, and better than anybody else." But now, at a time when John was beginning to receive tempting offers from various baseball clubs—the Cincinnati Club is reported to have offered him a salary of $1,300, which was very large for those days—the affair with Scannell came. After that, it was perfectly plain to everybody, including his parents, that John was far better fitted to be a pugilist than to be anything else—ball player, tinsmith, or plumber.

THE providential bout with Scannell thus caused John to make the Great Decision, and from 1877 to 1882 he went through his probationary period. At the beginning he wisely developed a system of training that was doubtless chiefly responsible for his phenomenally successful career. In the first place, he always slept alone. "I don't believe in having a trainer sleep in the same bed with the person training," he said. "My reason is that a man can sleep better alone." For a number of years he adhered most rigorously to this rule; later, it was somewhat modified. In conditioning himself for a fight he was accustomed to take "a dose of physic, which I prepare myself and which consists of about fifty cents' worth each of zinnia, salts, manna, and black stick licorice," all of which he carefully boiled together in clean water. "In the night, before retiring, I take a goblet full of this medicine. It acts the next day, during which time I merely sit around doing nothing of any importance." When not in training, however, he "took things as easy as possible. . . . In fact, I give my whole system its leeway." The rest of his training methods differed little from the conventional routine of most pugilists.

John's earliest pugilistic endeavors were attended by the most favorable auspices. It so happened that William Muldoon, then an expert wrestler, was running a variety show, which included boxing exhibitions, in Boston during the winter of 1877-1878. One evening Muldoon's friend, Billy Madden, came to him and said, "There's a likely looking chap who's been hanging around the stage door night after night, trying to see you. Says he's getting only $12 a week as a tinsmith, but is sure, if he gets the chance, that he can be champion of the world. He's probably just another of them braggers, but he does look good; why not give him the once over, William?" "All right, Billy," replied William. "Fetch him in." So John was invited to enter, and both Billy and William were so much impressed with his appearance that it was decided to give him a trial.

It chanced that Joe Goss, the once great English champion, was in Boston at this time. Muldoon and Madden, both astute business men, realized that, if their protege were to best Goss, he would at once leap into the limelight. A fight was therefore arranged between Goss and Sullivan, to be held at a Boston benefit for the Englishman. The first round was indecisive; but in the next round John "dealt him a blow which virtually ended the contest," and Goss had to be given an extra period of time to recover. In the third round John was very gentle with the old warhorse, who was so utterly worn out that he was unable to continue, and the decision accordingly went to John. When Goss finally recovered the power of speech, he said something to the effect that "that 'ere bloke don't just 'it; 'e kicks like a mule."

Thus Sullivan had demonstrated that he was at least more than a match for a broken-winded, spavined ex-champion; and Muldoon, who knew that there were few really good pugilists at that time and who also wished to advertise his show, decided to gamble on John's apparent superiority over the mass of contemporary fighters. He therefore announced that any pugilist who could successfully oppose Sullivan for one round would be given twenty-five dollars, and that, for each additional round, he would receive an extra twenty-five dollars. But John himself was not let into the secret at first; he believed that he was to box gently with his opponents. Early in 1878 he faced Steve Taylor, an eminently successful mediocre pugilist, in a New York theatre. Taylor, who ardently desired to win at least twenty-five dollars, went after his amazed opponent hammer and tongs. When round one was over, John was in a towering rage at this unexpected treatment, and asked to be allowed to "go in and lick Taylor quick." Muldoon told him to go ahead. At the beginning of round two, John came bursting out, catapulted himself across the ring, and struck Taylor so hard that both

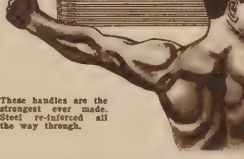
smashed into the ropes and fell down in a twisted mass of arms and legs. Then, yanking Taylor to his feet, John gave him several lightning buffets that knocked him completely out. This affair made three men perfectly happy: Taylor, bruised and bleeding though he was, was richer by twenty-five dollars; Muldoon, at a cost of only twenty-five dollars, had cleverly staged an act that made his show an overwhelming success; and for the first time John had tasted the sweets of swift and summary revenge.

He had done more—he had made a name for himself. He had no trouble now in finding opponents, and so he proceeded to win further laurels. In the spring of 1878 he left Muldoon's show, and during the following summer he fought a number of entirely successful frays. But he was not yet widely known, and the sad fact must therefore be recorded that the sport-writing Homers of those epic days left the fame of his early encounters unsung. Within a few months, however, he had attained such heroic proportions that lyres began to twang and bards to chant his mighty prowess. More than that, they were commonly so tongue-tied with amazement before this phenomenal figure that they became mere dumb recorders of the golden language that fell from his lips as he ripped and slashed at his foes. Posterity's debt to these modest writers is very great; for, even as the encounters of Ulysses, Aenaes, Roland, and innumerable other mighty men of old are most vivid when their biographers step aside and allow the actors to recount their own deeds in their own way, so Sullivan looms largest when his biographers efface themselves and permit him to speak as only he could, speak.

Toward the end of 1878, he fought with Cockey Woods, "a big man," but he "soon disposed of him." Early in 1879 he "sparred" with Dan Dwyer, heralded as the Champion of Massachusetts." John laconically summarized this fray in these words, "I had the best of the encounter." Shortly afterward, he fought with Professor Mike Donovan at a benefit performance. "I wound up with him in three rounds and endeavored to knock him out, when the master of ceremonies made us shake hands," chanted John. The Professor was so much impressed that, on his return to New York, he told all the "knowing ones that there was a fellow up in Boston who was going to be the boss of them all."

John first fought for a stipulated purse with John Donaldson in Cincinnati, in December, 1880. For ten rounds Donaldson "hugged the floor the greater part of the time," so John maintained; but in the tenth round he finally "knocked him out of time." In fact, the sporting world was now beginning to realize that, if given the least opportunity, Sullivan could hit hard enough to knock a horse down—"which," one of his friends confessed, "was something that, up to now, only a few of his closet acquaintances had found out to their complete satisfaction." But the fight with Donaldson had unfortunately taken place on Christmas Eve; and next day some Cincinnati Christians celebrated the season of good will by causing the arrest of both combatants. When the case came to trial, witnesses were called to testify. One of them, asked whether he had seen a


# You TOO Can Have Muscles Bulging with Power



These handles are the strongest ever made. Steel re-inforced all the way through.

This apparatus is manufactured and sold under patents allowed and pending in all countries. Infringements will be prosecuted by law.

## Every Muscle in Your Body Can Be Brought to the Highest Pitch of Development By My Methods and Apparatus—A New Invention.

*Over* 100,000 *Users—Not One Dissatisfied*

THINK what it would mean to you to be five or ten times as strong as the average man—to have many times his pep, energy and vitality—to have muscles like steel cables all over your body—to enjoy the keen satisfaction of knowing that you could perform incredible feats of strength with the ease and sureness of the professional strong man. Nature gave you the frame and the muscles. Now you need only the *right kind* of regular daily exercise to develop them to their fullest capacity. And remember that as you grow in strength you also grow in confidence and the ability to handle yourself in any emergency that calls for the courage and power of a *real man.*

### The McFadden Patented 10-Cable Progressive Exerciser

will positively give you strength like that. It will add inch upon inch to your arms, legs, neck and chest, greatly increase your heart and lung room, vastly improve your blood circulation and make you stronger, healthier and more vital in every way.

### This Exerciser Has a Resistance of from 10 to 200 Pounds

With the patented handles, which are part of this apparatus, you actually have two 5-Cable Progressive Exercisers that can be instantly converted into a 10-Cable Progressive Exerciser. The safety snap hooks can be quickly adjusted, giving you as many cables and as much or as little resistance as you want. The progressive feature allows you to increase the resistance as your muscles become stronger.

### My New Patented Stirrup Builds Legs of Steel

That's where most of the big fellows are weak—in the legs. But the ingenious new stirrup that I have added to my 10-Cable Progressive Exerciser will build your calves and thighs to marvelous proportions. It is made of one piece steel and stands a resistance of from 50 to 1,000 pounds. It can be attached to any 10-Cable Progressive Exerciser. Strong muscular legs are a vital necessity to anyone who goes in for any form of athletics. This device is the only one designed to develop the leg muscles.

### My Adjustable, Patented HEAD-GEAR increases Your Neck One Inch in 30 to 90 Days

No man can claim to be a *strong man,* unless the muscles of his neck are fully developed. The McFadden Patented Head-Gear will positively increase the size of your neck ONE FULL INCH in a few weeks. This apparatus is simplicity itself. It is adjustable, and will fit any man or boy. By using it in connection with my Progressive Exerciser, there is no reason why you can't be just as strong as you want to be.

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### My Complete $30 Outfit for the Introductory Price of Only $8, Including My Incomparable 12 Weeks' Instruction Course

After you have used my apparatus a few weeks, you'll be the first to admit that it's the greatest eight dollars' worth of sheer value you ever received. It has changed many a man from a thin, puny, undersized weakling to a prodigy of physical strength and rugged health.

Here is what you get—a complete outfit for developing every muscle in your body.

**Any of these can be purchased separately at the price shown.**

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| 10-Cable Progressive Exerciser, worth ..... | $8.00 |
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### TOTAL WORTH $30.00; COSTS YOU ONLY $8.00

You cannot buy a similar outfit anywhere else at three times this price. In fact, you cannot buy an outfit as complete as this with such a course as I give you, at *any* price. Thousands of the world's greatest strong men have endorsed my course of instruction and the McFadden 10-Cable Progressive Exerciser. Remember I guarantee it to increase your biceps ONE FULL INCH in from 30 to 90 days, and all other parts of your body in proportion. Think what this means. In a few short weeks you are a new person—well on your way to be a professional strong man if you wish. If you are not fully satisfied, your money will be refunded without quibble or question. Start today along the royal road to health and strength—send NOW for this great body-building outfit before you forget it.

### My Guarantee Is Backed by a $10,000 Challenge

**MICHAEL McFADDEN,** Dept. 173-103 E. 13th Street, NEW YORK CITY

prize fight, chuckled, "No, I seen a foot race. Donaldson was ahead and Sullivan was running after him, but couldn't ketch him." Both the principals were acquitted, and the judge, accompanied by the various witnesses and the attorneys for the defense and prosecution, adjourned *sine die* to a neighboring saloon.

Shortly before his fight with Donaldson, Sullivan had printed this challenge:

*Cincinnati, Dec. 9, 1880.*

*I am prepared to make a match to fight any man breathing, for any sum from* $1,000 *to* $10,000 *at catch weights. This challenge is especially directed to Paddy Ryan (the reigning champion) and will remain open for a month if he should see fit to accept it.*

*Respectfully yours,*
*John L. Sullivan.*

When Paddy saw this "defi," he refused to accept on the round that the challenger was not yet worthy of notice. "Go and get a reputation," snarled Paddy; and, to his eventual sorrow, John obeyed him.

He began by posting his famous offer—first made in March, 1881—which stated that he was prepared to give fifty dollars to any pugilist in the world who could survive four rounds with him, the fight to be governed by the Marquis of Queensbury Rules. For at this time almost all fistic battles were fought under the London Prize-Ring Rules, which were so lenient as to be almost ludicrous. The ring was pitched on turf; the combatants fought with bare fists; a round ended automatically when either fighter went to the earth, without regard to the length of time. These rules also allowed, and even fostered, such gentle methods as gouging, any sort of wrestling, the use of iron nails in shoes, snuff in the mouth to be puffed into the opponent's eyes, and clawing and scratching with the finger nails. Their general latitude is indicated by Rule Five: "On the men being stripped, it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arises as to the insertion of improper substances therein, they shall appeal to their umpires." But the Marquis of Queensbury Rules permitted no such diversion. They stipulated that each round was to last three minutes, that five-ounce boxing gloves must be worn, that the fights must take place within a board-floor ring, and that there must be police supervision.

In May, 1881, Sullivan started to fulfill his contract by battling with John Flood, the "Bull's Head Terror," in a barge on the Hudson River, close to Yonkers. This peculiar place was chosen in order to escape police interference—for, sad to relate, John's curious sense of honor sometimes persuaded him to allow violations of the Marquis of Queensbury Rules. Only a few friends attended John, but Flood had many companions who had plotted a clever scheme: if their hero should seem likely to be worsted, they were all to join together and pitch Sullivan and his associates into the river. Unfortunately, they never had a chance to put this plan into effect, as John's account of the fray makes clear: "I knocked my man out before they had realized what had happened, and there was no need for them to carry out their job." When the unconscious Flood had partially recovered from his involuntary stupor, John walked over to the poor fellow's corner, shook his hand, and magnanimously said, "We met as friends, and we part as friends." As soon as Flood was able to speak, he strongly insisted that he had lost the fight because he had eaten too much supper on the preceding night; but, somehow or other, no one seemed to believe him—not even his backers. The crestfallen "Bull's Head Terror" was somewhat mollified, however, when the spectators presented him a purse of ninety-eight dollars, of which ten dollars was given by John.

The next victim who went to his doom was a blacksmith who weighed over three hundred pounds and measured seven feet in height. His gigantic proportions necessitated a new form of assault—or, as John remarked, he "had to figure on a way to get at him." Inspiration came to John at the beginning of the first round; he merely poked his left hand into the pit of the blacksmith's stomach. The fellow at once doubled up willy-nilly—an action that brought his jaw within John's reach, and with catlike swiftness he struck the downpointing jaw so hard that its owner tumbled over. This action was repeated several times, until finally the rapidly weakening monster lumbered blindly at Sullivan, who merely stuck both his fists straight out, and the human sacrifice "ran into them and knocked himself out." John then called the fallen man's frightened son from the shrieking audience and said, "Here, bub, take this fifty dollars and run with it to your ma. Your daddy tried hard to earn it." Paddy Ryan, "the Troy Terror," who had by this time gained enough respect for Sullivan to be anxious to see him in action, was a witness of this slaughter; and at the finish he graciously commented, "Sullivan is a clever young fellow."

The clever young fellow had now become so much in demand that a Philadelphia theatre engaged him, at a salary of $150 per week, to begin a series of bouts with all aspirants who wanted to earn fifty dollars. Many came, but all were conquered in a most businesslike fashion.

From Philadelphia Sullivan went to Chicago, where his most worthy opponent was a burly tugman. A contemporary account of the struggle reads thus: "Sullivan smashed him viciously a few times and considerably disfigured the ambitious tugman's countenance"; and in the fourth round John "knocked him so stiff that when the allotted ten seconds had passed, he was unable to put in an appearance." This sad debacle forfeited his claim to the stipulated prize money, of course; but John, whose generosity was equalled only by his canniness in the matter of self-advertisement, gave his conquered rival twenty-five dollars.

During these months, Professor Mike Donovan had continued to dog Sullivan, and had cheerfully prophesied that a dreadful fate awaited him should they ever meet in a ring for a second encounter. Early in 1882, Donovan repeated his boast to a huge audience in Madison Square Garden, New York. Unfortunately, he was entirely unaware that Sullivan had completed his tour and was a much interested spectator. No sooner had the Professor concluded his boastful remarks than John stepped forth upon the stage and stated, in a flood of vituperative Elizabethan English, excessively vigorous even for him, that he was ready to accept the challenge on the spot. Donovan, taken utterly aback, stuttered out, "I ain't got no show against this man," and immediately vanished with astonishing speed. "Speech! Speech!" the crowd then shrieked at Sullivan, and he responded nobly, as was his wont. "I've had some pretty hot fights lately, but when I hit 'em once or twice they usually weaken at once. The longest scrap I ever had went about twenty minutes, and that fellow was on the floor most of the time. I was never learned to box; I learned myself from watching other boxers. My style of boxing is perfectly oracular—no, I mean original—with me. A fighter can't be made out of a stiff. A man that can stick four hours and be half pounded to death has to be born."

Everybody, even Paddy Ryan, was now convinced that Sullivan had "got a reputation," and his great opportunity was close at hand. Articles were drawn up which stated that, on February 7, 1882, John L. Sullivan was to fight the American champion at New Orleans, for a purse of $5,000 and a side bet of $1,000. John was so suspicious of the moral principles of Paddy and his friends that, for several days before the combat, he cooked his own food in order to avoid the possibility of being poisoned.

On the eve of the great day, it was discovered that the Louisiana authorities would not allow the battle to be fought within the precincts of that State. After a hurried consultation, it was decided that the fight should take place on schedule at Mississippi City. At 5:05 A. M., on February 7th, a train drawing twelve coaches departed from New Orleans to the chosen spot. "No more orderly crowd ever started for a Sunday School picinc," wrote one correspondent. "A conference of clergymen couldn't have been more staid." When the journey ended, the onlookers, while waiting for the fray to commence, amused themselves by laughing and jeering at the proclamation which Governor Lowrey of Mississippi had ordered to be posted at the ring—a pronouncement to the effect that all good citizens should, if necessary, use shotguns to prevent the fight. Fortunately, however, no good citizens were there, as the absence of firearms and the universal prevalence of betting proved.

To the inexpressible delight of the audience, the epoch-making event was conducted under the London Prize-Ring Rules; that is to say, the ring was on the ground, the rivals fought with bare knuckles, and the contest soon developed into a combined hitting, wrestling, biting, gouging, and scratching match. When time was called, Sullivan at once made a lionlike spring at "the Trojan Giant" which completely demoralized him; and in less than thirty seconds John had scored the first knockdown. Ryan now realized that his only chance of winning lay not in fighting but in wrestling; therefore in the second round "they wrestled for a fall, Ryan winning and falling heavily on his opponent." But by the third round Ryan had become so weak and scared that John "just pushed him over; he didn't want to kill him." After the fifth round, in fact,

Sullivan's seconds cautioned him not to go after Ryan so viciously, inasmuch as he "had him done and might kill him." But in the next round Ryan temporarily recovered; he "closed and, getting Sullivan across the buttock, downed him." This was the champion's last gasp, however, for in round nine he was knocked senseless by a "right-hander under the left ear," and "was so disabled that the best care of physicians was required" to bring him to, while Sullivan laughingly jumped over the ropes and "ran a hundred-yard dash to his quarters." A crazy mob of souvenir hunters at once jumped into the ring, smashed to bits the chair in which Sullivan had rested between rounds, and carried the fragments away in triumph.

Various alibis were claimed by Ryan and his friends. The defeated champion burst into print with a series of statements which insisted that his rupture and his truss had so crippled him that he was unable to fight with his customary ferocity; but when requested to give ocular proof of his statements, he made a lame excuse and promptly disappeared. One fervent worshipper of Ryan offered a brilliant explanation for the cause of his defeat. Sullivan, he said, was a Bostonian and therefore a gentleman of undoubted culture; in the ninth round he had begun to entertain Paddy with an exposition of Professor Tyndall's latest contribution concerning the atomic theory—and then, in a flash, struck him under the left ear. But Ryan himself was privately very frank. "When Sullivan struck me," he mourned, "I thought that a telegraph pole had been shoved against me endways." Paddy's mental and physical pangs, however, were somewhat alleviated on the evening following the fight. On returning to New Orleans that evening, both he and Sullivan put up in the same hotel. "Being in my rooms with a party of friends," John narrates, "I sent for him and he partook of our festivities."

Countless bards, roused to new heights of poetic fervor after this great, history-making affair, at once broke loose all over the land. An inglorious but by no means mute poet thus described the thrilling sequence of events:

*When the fight was opened, Ryan, 'mid*
*applause,*
*Acted like a Trojan, which indeed he was;*
*Soon the Boston laddie, with his fists and*
*hooks,*
*Caused a deep commotion 'mid the pocket-*
*books.*
*Sports grew pale with anguish when they*
*saw their means*
*Filling up the wallets from the land of*
*beans.*

A Bostonian rhymer thus gave some pointed hints to the greatest living practitioners of the New England poetic tradition:

*Thy bards, henceforth, O Boston!*
*Of this triumph of triumphs will sing,*
*For a muscular stroke has added a spoke*
*To the Hub, which will strengthen the*
*ring!*
*Now Lowell will speak of the "ruby,"*
*And Aldrich of "closing a match,"*
*And Longfellow'll rhyme of "coming to*
*time."*
*Of "bunches of fives" and "the scratch!"*


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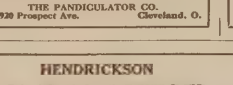

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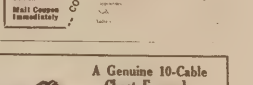

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The whole East, in fact, went crazy with enthusiasm. In New York the unbelievable news of Sullivan's victory was received at a famous bar-room, which was run by and conducted for pugilists, street-walkers, and thieves. Before the battle, everybody present had been lauding Ryan and roundly damning the young upstart who actually seemed to believe that he could defeat the great Paddy. But when Sullivan's victory could no longer be doubted, there was a chorus of delighted "I told you so's," and everybody drank to the health and long reign of the victor.

And the victor, on his journey homeward, was greeted with all the acclaim that commonly attends a Presidential tour. Immense crowds thronged every stopping place, while shouts of "Our great pugilist!" rent the air. When he finally reached Boston early in March, what followed was best described by one of her most eminent citizens—who for reasons of policy shall be nameless—in the terse comment, "Hell broke loose." The streets were jammed, traffic was absolutely blocked, flags and streamers almost blotted out the sun, and every store, hotel, saloon, and dive did an unparalleled business. All urban enterprises, save the churches alone, were enormously benefited. The crowning feature was a reception at the Dudley Street Opera House. There Sullivan was presented with "an elegant gold watch and chain," and also with "a splendid horseshoe of wax flowers, eighteen inches in height and set in a gilt frame." Only one thing occurred to dim the joy of Sullivan's reception—a rumor ran about with wildfire rapidity that he had first learned to fight by whipping his father. John spent one decidedly uncomfortable evening at home, endeavoring to persuade Mike Sullivan that he himself was in no way responsible for this libelous tale.

Sportsmen vied with each other in friendly contests to see who could invent the most appropriate name for him. He was variously called "The Strong Boy." "The Boston Hercules," "Knight of the Fives," "King of the Ring," "Prince of Pugilists," "Spartacus Sullivan," "Trip-Hammer Jack," "Hurricane Hitter," "His Fistic Highness," "The Cultured Slugger," and finally, when all other epithets were exhausted, "Sullivan the Great." And still everybody felt that these names were entirely inadequate: what *could* be great enough for John? George Washington might be the greatest American, Daniel Webster might be New England's greatest orator, and Longfellow her most notable poet; Emerson might be Massachusetts' most penetrating philosopher, Lowell might be Boston's most versatile litterateur, and the reigning mayor her most consummate ass—who cared? High above them all towered John—"*Our* John"—begotten, born, nourished, reared, educated, and trained in Boston—her pet, her darling, her pride—her newest and greatest celebrity—*her* champion!

In the September issue of Muscle Builder is told how the "greatest Roman of them all" held his title for ten years, meeting all comers, avoiding no challengers, and winning all his fights because, once in the ring, he never stopped fighting.

# Steeled By Struggle

(*Continued from page* 18)

already gone through all that it was possible to suffer, and gradually he became more composed.

Soon the silence was broken into by men's voices. He heard commands being shouted, heard the footsteps of men running to and fro upon the deck.

The bawling increased in every part of the ship. Ernest heard men running past the lazarette. He heard goods being stowed away. Out of that din and confusion one fact emerged, that the *Nancy* was making steady headway through the waves.

THEN he heard footsteps stop outside the lazarette, and through the thick door the sounds of men's voices came to his ears. A key went into the lock. Again the old terrors came upon the boy. Suppose it was the police, searching for him!

Then, as the door was flung open, to his intense relief he saw Captain Smith.

But with him, to his horror, stood Will Gregg, the mate.

"What's this, captain?"

He reached forth and dragged Ernest from his hiding place. He stared into his face, but there was never a flicker of recognition upon his own.

"A stowaway, Captain!"

"Looks like it," answered Captain Smith.

"What will we do with him?"

"Kinder fort'nate, seeing we're shorthanded for this voyage, Will," responded the other.

"I guess you're right, Captain," the mate responded. He turned to Ernest, and the flicker of a grin now passed across his face. "Thought you'd like to run away to sea and experience the joys of a sailor's life, hey?" he inquirel. "Well, you're going to experience them all right. I'll put him to work, shall I, Captain?"

"Best thing to do, Will. We're too fur at sea now to put him ashore. From the looks of him a little sea voyage won't do him no harm."

Ernest, who was now confident that the captain and the mate were acting in collusion to save him, breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"Yep, put him to work," said Smith. "Guess the feller can earu his keep, even if he is green."

"Come out of that!" said the mate, and, with an iron grip on Ernest's shoulder, he marched him along the passage to a small compartment labelled STORES. Behind a drop-counter stood a seaman.

"New hand—stowaway," said the mate. "Name—" He grinned at Ernest. "Guess this feller ain't giving his name under the circumstances, so we'll call him Bill Jones. Found him in the lazarette. He wants to taste the joys of the rolling wave. He's going to. Issue a hammock and and outfit. You're in Mr. Potts's watch, Jones," he added to Ernest. "Take your things and git along to the fo'c'sle."

The seaman, grinning, handed a dunnage bag and rolled hammock to Ernest, as well as a seaman's outfit, and Ernest, at a wave of the man's hand, stumbled out into the light of full day on the lower deck.

HE stopped and glanced about him. In the distance, a long way behind him, he saw the receding shore of America. He gulped, and his eyes suddenly filled with tears at the realization that he was leaving it, all that he had known, as an exile forever.

"Hey, you Jones! Git into the fo'c'sle!" bawled Will Gregg from above.

Ernest pulled himself together and stumbled forward.

The storekeeper had followed Ernest. "Here's a new hand, fellers," he said. "Stowed hisself away in the lazarette, having a taste for the sea. Guess he's going to git it, too," he mimicked Will Gregg. "Sam, you show this feller where to sling his hammock, and act like a father to him."

An elderly seaman, with a thick growth of grey beard protruding all round his face, rolled out of one of the bunks, turning up a pair of tattered sleeves, and revealing two arms like legs of mutton and a hairy chest.

"Welcome to the sea, lad," he said in a hollow voice. "Sling 'er there. I'll show you."

He helped Ernest to adjust his hammock. The job had hardly been completed when the movements of the vessel, combined with the foul, tobacco-laden air of the fo'c'sle, produced in the boy an attack of violent seasickness. He rushed to the side of the ship.

Half dead, he staggered back into the fo'c'sle and crawled into the swinging hammock after a preliminary attempt which landed him on the floor on the other side.

HE was faintly aware of coming and going inside the fo'c'sle, but no one spoke to him, and, too sick to be more than vaguely aware of his situation, he lay in a half-tupor until, late in the afternoon, he heard a voice shouting at him. Then a hand grasped him by the shoulder, and he was precipitated violently to the floor.

"Hey, whatcha think you're doing, Bill Jones?" the mate shouted at him. "Think this is the Waldorf-Astoria, mebbe? Why ain't you on deck with Mr. Pots's watch?"

"I don't know what you mean," faltered Ernest. "Listen, Mr. Gregg, this seems to be all a mistake. I didn't sign on for this voyage as one of the crew. You ask Captain Smith——"

"Jones, you're a green hand and ain't had no experience of the sea, I reckon," said the mate sneeringly. "So I'm going to tell you the very fust rule of seamanship, which is that no back talk or arguing's allowed. When you git an order you

# MEN
## READ THESE CHAPTER HEADS

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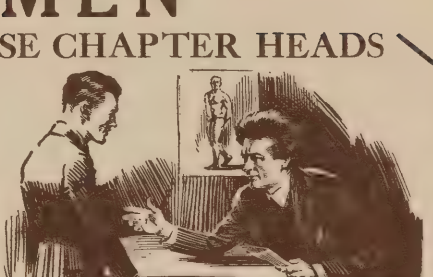

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obey it on the run. Do you git what I'm saying? Git to your watch on deck."

A violent propulsion of his hand sent the boy tumbling through the fo'c'sle entrance into the cabin steward, who was coming out of the galley with a tray laden with glasses and crockery, also a plate of steaming soup. The collision sent the steward reeling to the ground amid the debris of the glass and china, and drenched him with the soup.

With a howl the steward sprang to his feet and struck Ernest a blow in the eye that sent him staggering against the rail. Two or three sailors who were leaning there burst into uproarious laughter.

Ernest turned and glared about him. The steward was wiping the hot soup off his clothes, the mate was standing by regarding the boy with a sarcastic smile. It was upon Will Gregg that Ernest turned.

"See here, you're responsible for this!" he shouted. "You keep your hands off me or I'll——"

It was Will Gregg's foot that shot out in answer. It caught Ernest in a tender part and sent him sprawling upon the deck. Filled with a fury that made him momentarily insensible to the pains and weakness of seasickness, Ernest sprang to his feet and rushed at his persecutor.

He received a blow even more terrible than the one Will Gregg had dealt him on the day before. It caught him on the jaw and stretched him out unconscious.

"Bring him to," he heard a voice commanding, as his senses began to return to him.

Next moment he received the shock of a pailful of icy salt water, wielded by one of the grinning sailors, full in the face.

"Say, young feller," remarked the seaman who had doused him, "Guess you're pretty green to the sea yet, or you'd have known better than to buck Will Gregg. Hell's bells, if you wasn't green there sorely wouldn't be nothing left of you by now."

Ernest leaned back against the rail, overcome by self-pity.

AT that moment the boy had touched the lowest depths of physical and moral degradation.

The steward, who had come out of the galley with a new tray, stopped and looked at him.

"Say, ain't you in Mr. Potts's watch?" he asked compassionately. "You'd better git to your duty, boy. If Mr. Gregg comes back and catches you here, he'll kill you this time."

And in his deadly fear of the mate's iron fist Ernest went staggering up the companion, followed by the jeering remarks of the sailors below.

Captain Smith had issued the command to make up sail, and the seamen were spreading the canvas along the yards, tying the head to the jackstay, and, standing on the footropes, shackling the sheet and clewlines to the clew. The sight of them working aloft, the realization that he was expected to ascend to that horrible altitude, produced a feeling of despair in Ernest.

Suddenly Will Gregg swung into sight and caught him by the arm. "My lad," he said in a low, hissing voice, "git up them ratlines!"

Ernest gave one horror-stricken look at the mate's face and stumbled toward the shrouds. Dizzily he began to make the ascent. He had hardly begun, however, when he felt the mate's boot strike him with a force that sent him flat against the ropes.

"Faster, my lad, faster!"

In his despair Ernest ascended beyond the mate's reach, and was continuing to ascend, with closed eyes and swimming head when there came a rush from above.

The men had finished their work and were scrambling down, carrying Ernest with them. He remained on deck in terror that the mate would send him aloft alone, but Will Gregg was on the other side of the ship and seemed temporarily to have forgotten him.

AND then, glancing toward the afterdeck, Ernest saw something that brought his heart into his mouth.

Captain Smith was standing there, and at his side stood Jessie.

Ernest had never dreamed that the captain had brought the girl upon the voyage. At the sight of her something seemed to constrict his heart. Suddenly, and for perhaps the first time in his life, all his illusions about himself fell away, and he saw himself as he was.

He saw himself as a wastrel, who had never even tried to play a man's part in life. He saw himself as less of a man than the meanest and most worthless of all the sailors aboard.

And the idea came to him that perhaps it might be possible for him to play the part of a man, and to show Jessie that he could do so.

That night, lying in his hammock, clinging to the swaying net to prevent being hurled to the fo'c'sle floor, he wept, thinking of the past. Hitherto he had made excuses for himself, but now he saw himself as others must see him.

He guessed that Captain Smith had told Jessie all, perhaps that he had killed his father, too. He knew that Jessie's presence there could only increase the suffering that he must endure. Never could he dare to speak to her or make any sign of recognition.

What a refinement of cruelty Fate had used in her dealings with him!

THAT was the beginning of his life aboard the *Nancy*. The next day, by an exercise of will such as he had not known he could put forth, Ernest succeeded in mounting the ratlines. Apparently satisfied with his revenge, Will Gregg took no further overt action against him. For a few days he singled him out for abuse, yelling and bawling at him, and then seemed to forget him. Fortunately the boy was in Mr. Potts's watch, and the second mate was a different type of man, who seemed anxious to help him find his sea-legs.

None of the men knew who he was. They thought he was the son of well-to-do people who had been foolish enough to run away to sea, but with the kindness of their sort they pitied him and helped him.

At the end of a week Ernest could climb to the foretopgallantsail yard. He was learning to hoist and spread and furl sail, to do the thousand odd jobs required of a seaman.

BY now they were off the West Indies, and Ernest rejoiced in his approaching freedom. He meant to ask Captain Smith to put him ashore at the first port they touched at and every knot that they ran southward seemed to bring his freedom so much the nearer.

And then came a night that was to bring new hope to the boy.

It was during his watch, and he was alone on the starboard side of the ship, brooding bitterly over the past, when he heard a light footstep near him, and, turning, saw Jessie coming toward him.

For a moment or two he stood looking at her speechlessly. At the sight of her all his old love, which had lain more or less dormant, revived, and with it came the full realization of his loss.

"Jessie!" he whispered, still half-incredulously.

"Why are you looking at me like that, Ernest?" asked the girl with a little laugh. "I'm not a ghost—do I look like one?"

"Jessie, I never expected that you would speak to me again."

"Father told me I was not to. He would be half-crazed if he knew it. I waited till I was sure he was asleep, and then stole out to tell you—Oh, I think it wonderful the way you have taken hold! Even Will Gregg admitted to Father than you had the makings of a sailor in you."

Ernest smiled bitterly. What difference did that make to him now?

"Jessie," he asked the girl, "I was sure that you knew—about me. But now I'm not sure. I can't believe that you would have spoken to me if you had known. Do you know?" he demanded fiercely.

"Know what, Ernest?"

"That I—killed my father?"

She did not answer him, but stood looking into his eyes. She did not flinch, but there was an expression of intense questioning in hers.

"I KNOW everything that happened, Ernest," she answered after a little. "And yet you—are willing to speak to me?"

"Ernest, I am sure that whatever happened you are not so much to blame as you think you are. And I believe things will not turn out to be so bad as you believe."

"I didn't mean to," answered the boy eagerly. "He was going to beat me, and I was mad with fear and anger. I snatched up a stool and struck him. I've thought sometimes—sometimes that I'd go back and face it out——"

"Of course you are going back, Ernest," answered the girl calmly. "You are not going to run away. My father has told me everything, and my earnest advice to you is to go back and face the consequences like a man."

"But you—but you—" he stammered. "What good will that do me? Suppose I do escape with a few years in the penitentiary, what then? I don't deserve even that. You know I tried to make good in that job, for your sake, and—well, if I do go back, I'm going back in my own way," he continued. "Not aboard this ship. Your father's going to put me off at some South American port, and then—well, maybe I'll work my way north and stand my trial. But I don't know. If you——"

Suddenly he caught the girl by the

arm. "Are you going to marry Will Gregg?" he demanded.

"My father wants me to. And he thinks I am."

"I haven't any right to tell you that I love you' now. A murderer and parricide, a man who must spend the remaining years of his life in exile, or else go home and face imprisonment, and perhaps death—" Ernest shuddered again as that picture burned itself upon his brain.

"Listen, Ernest. I just want you always to remember one thing, wherever you are. I believe in you. Does that do you any good? And, listen again. I want you to go back and face whatever consequences there may be. And—and there's just one more thing that I've got to tell you, Ernest, and I want you to feel sure of this, because I shall not be able to speak to you again during the rest of the voyage. I am not going to marry Will Gregg, and he knows it. Because I don't love him. I think he is a bully and a coward to treat you as he has done. And—I—I haven't changed, Ernest."

SUDDENLY he realized the amazing truth that the girl loved him still, had always loved him. He seized her in his arms and drew her close to him, looking into her eyes.

"You mean that, Jessie?"

"Always, Ernest," answered the girl. I never change, and I shall always care for you, whatever happens, just the same."

"Jessie," he said, with uncontrollable emotion, "I—I guess I've been a waster and a pretty rotten sort of fellow up till now, but I'm going to change. And the day will come when you won't be ashamed of me."

Next moment the girl had fled from him with the swiftness of a shadow. At the same time Ernest became aware of a figure coming up the companion. As it reached the deck he discovered that it was Will Gregg.

Had the mate been a witness of their meeting? Will Gregg passed Ernest with never a sign. And yet the look on his face, illumined by the moonlight, was grimmer than any look Ernest had ever seen there before.

But the boy knew that the turning point in his life had come, and he resolved to put the past behind him and make himself worthy of the girl he loved.

How he started on his climb to man's estate is told in a thrilling instalment in the September issue of the Muscle Builder.

## How Good Are You?

(*Continued from page 22*)

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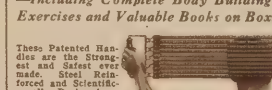

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| Dec., 1920 | 5% | 100.00 c |
| June, 1921 | 5% | 100.00 c |
| Dec., 1921 | 5% | 100.00 c |
| June, 1922 | 5% | 100.00 c |
| Dec., 1922 | 7% | 140.00 c |
| June, 1923 | 10% | 200.00 c |
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| June, 1924 | 10% | 200.00 c |
| Dec., 1924 | 400% on $2,000 | 8,000.00 s |
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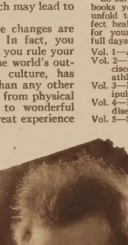

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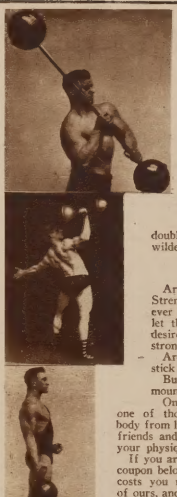

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